

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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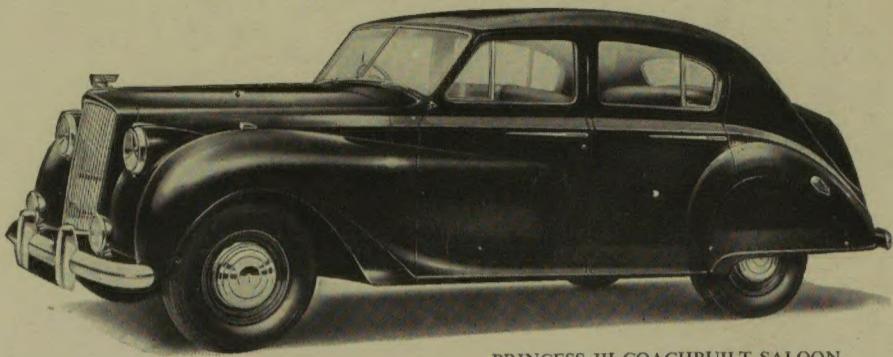


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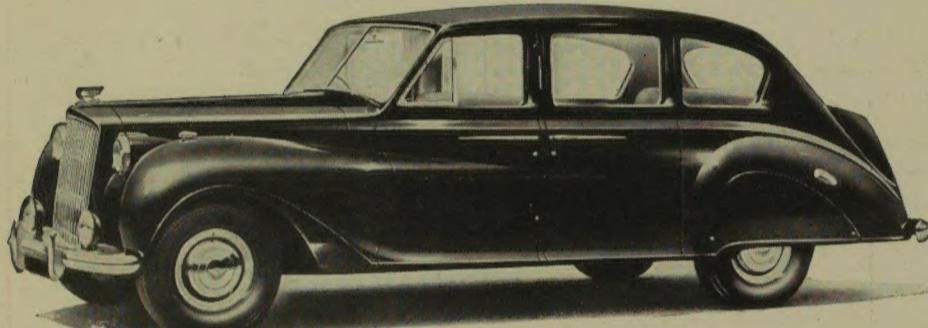
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London 1714.

Pair of trencher salts by Joseph Steward.  
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## GLASS INVITES YOU IN . . . to the Coffee Bar

It was glass, twinkling and sparkling, that made the old gin palaces look so inviting. Modern building glasses, with their wide variety of colour, pattern and texture, lend themselves admirably to such warm-hearted treatment as Leonard Manasseh & Partners (Architects) demonstrate with this design for a coffee bar.

The site chosen — typical of most premises in a busy urban thoroughfare — has a narrow frontage but considerable depth. The windows and door have been taken right up to the frontage and glazed to the maximum with clear and patterned glasses. (The long panel on the right is of Festival glass, with the menu panel in Flashed Ruby. The toughened  $\frac{3}{16}$ " Reeded glass in the lower half of the left-hand window is surmounted by panels of Signal Green and Amber).

The chief decorative feature of the design is the canopy, which projects into the street and runs right back to the focal point of the scheme — the 'bar' itself. The canopy inside is of fibrous plaster with coloured insets

of Antique and Nailsea glasses. Concentration of light over the darkened ceiling helps to throw it into high relief.

Mirrors, alternated with green-backed Spotlight glass along the left wall reflect the Ruby and the White Flashed Opal light shades along the opposite wall, and a solid mirror wall at the end of the 'table-half' of this coffee bar gives an effect of tremendous depth, multiplies the customers, and seems to lead out to daylight!

Even the counter frontage is of glass —  $\frac{1}{4}$ " Polished Plate painted and fired — set in a pattern to link up with the path of diamond shapes leading in from the door ; the sliding panels behind the bar are of Luminating glass, and the louvred panel at the right of the bar is of  $\frac{1}{4}$ " Polished Plate glass.

Glass is cool, clean and hygienic, but it can also look gay and friendly. Perhaps the most versatile of all building materials, glass is playing an increasingly vital and exciting role in architecture today.

*Chance*  
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For fuller details or a discussion of your own problem, get in touch with your local glass merchant or with

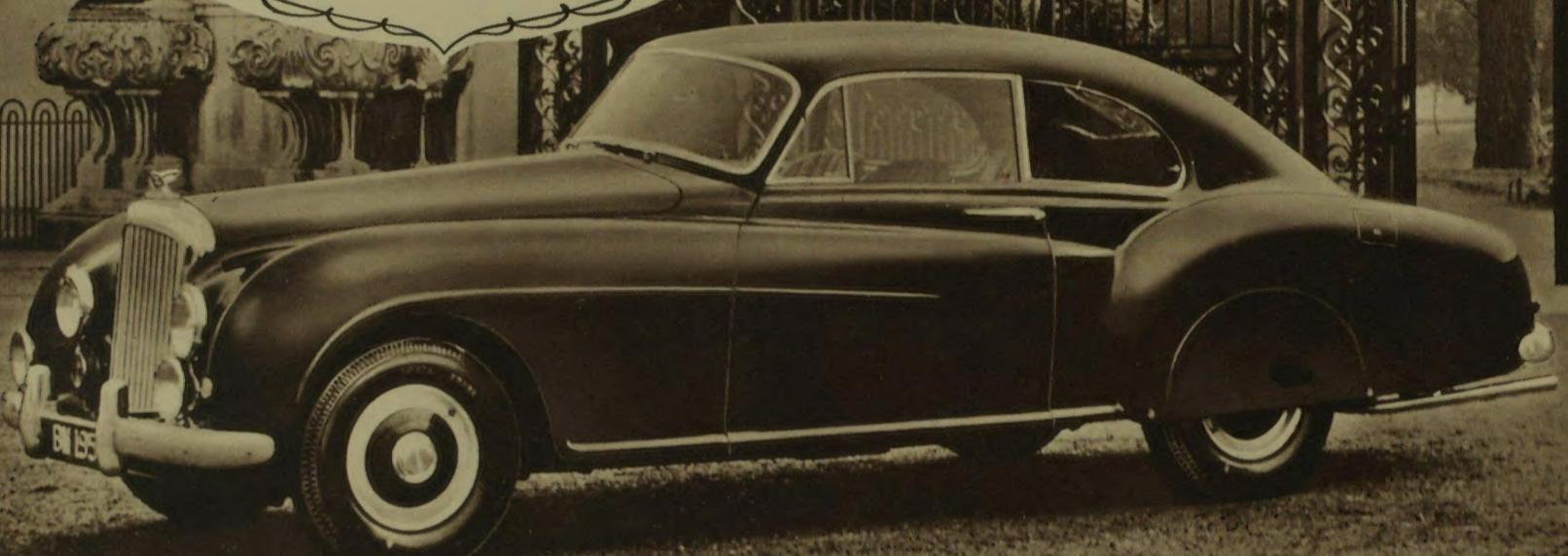
Bentley

cars are fitted with India tyres and though you may not own a

Bentley, isn't it sensible to choose for your own comfort and safety the make of tyre chosen for the world's most sought-after car—especially when it need not involve you in any greater expense and will certainly give you longer mileage.

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You remember I went to South Africa last year. I happened to meet a man who took me round the wonderful Wineries there where millions of gallons were being matured for the British market.

*How do they mature them?*

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*These South African people certainly keep on improving their wines—especially their sherry. It's a credit to them.*

That's what comes of selecting and maturing and waiting and keeping on doing that and the longer it goes on the better the quality becomes.

*I must say this is one of the finest Sherries I've ever tasted.*

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# JULY

### IN AID OF

Why a foreign name should have attached itself to anything as English as a Fête remains a mystery. There is, it is true, a hint of continental devilry about the Ankle-Judging Competition; but it is only a very mild hint. The rest of the programme—and often, unfortunately, the July weather—is unmistakably English. Convention decrees that the Fête should be formally opened, preferably by an ornament of the theatrical profession. After she has said a few words, rendered either completely inaudible or painfully stentorian according to the whim of the microphone, the fun can begin. The clatter of ninepins is continuous as men wearing resolute expressions bowl interminably for a pig. The ping of airguns (their foresights judiciously sabotaged) punctuates the broadcast gramophone music. Hoop-la rings settle on a table dotted with small, repulsive trophies ("Better luck next time, dear"). In the subaqueous gloom of a marquee, prize-winning entries in the garden-produce competition are scrutinized with envious awe. Behind the scenes there is an interlude of consternation; someone has forgotten the sacks for the sack-race.

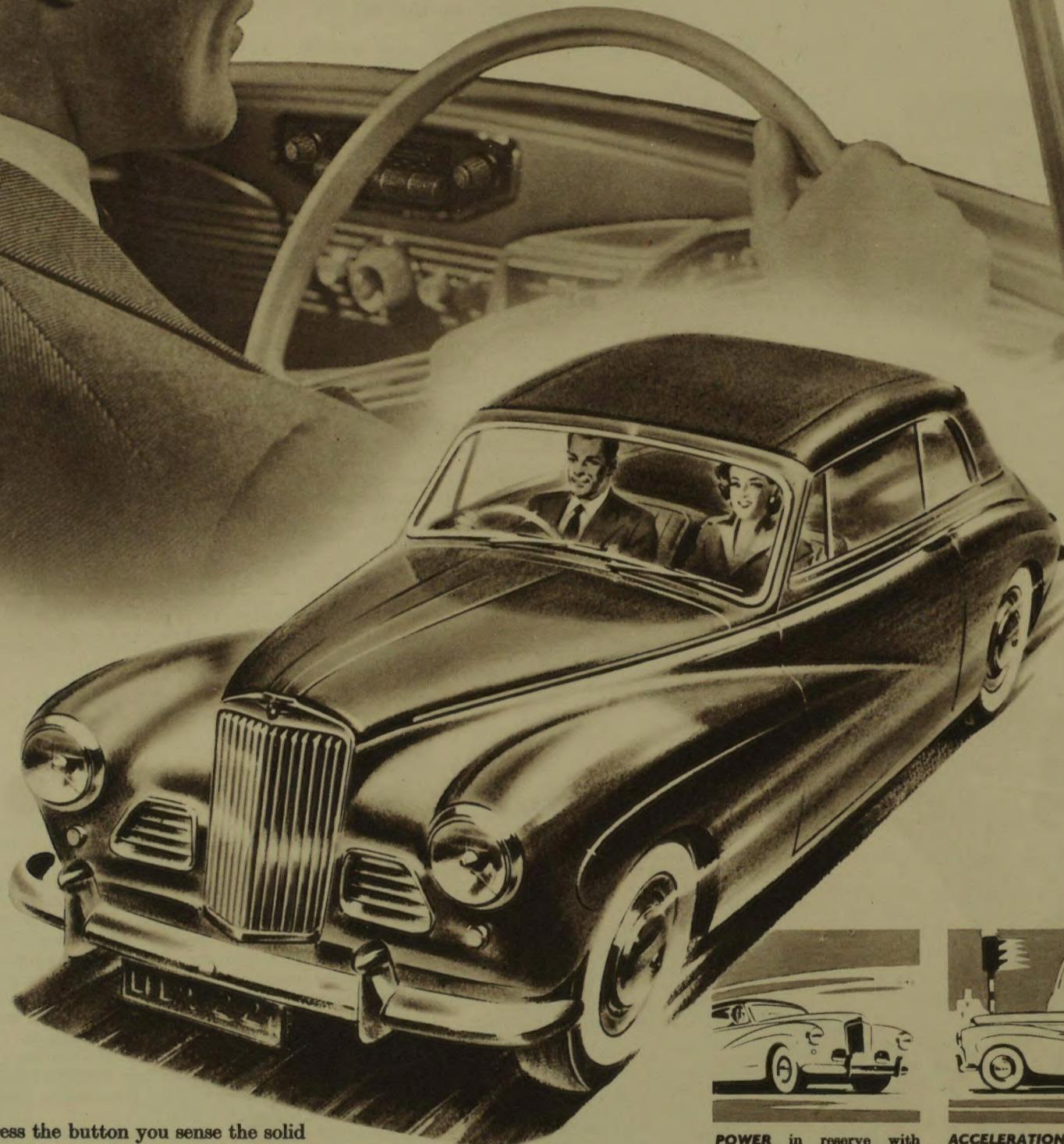
At the end of the day, with any luck, some worthy local cause is the richer by ten or twenty pounds. As a method of raising money the Fête is elaborate rather than efficient, as a form of entertainment it scarcely ranks in the first class; but as a British institution it is not without a ramshackle charm of its own.



At the opposite end of the financial scale stands the Midland Bank, another British institution which also serves a "worthy cause" by providing essential banking assistance to industry, commerce, agriculture and the private customer.

## MIDLAND BANK

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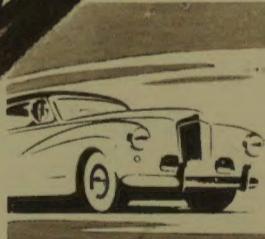
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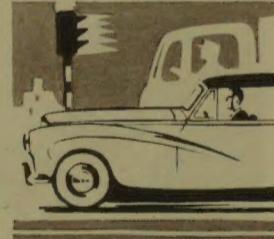
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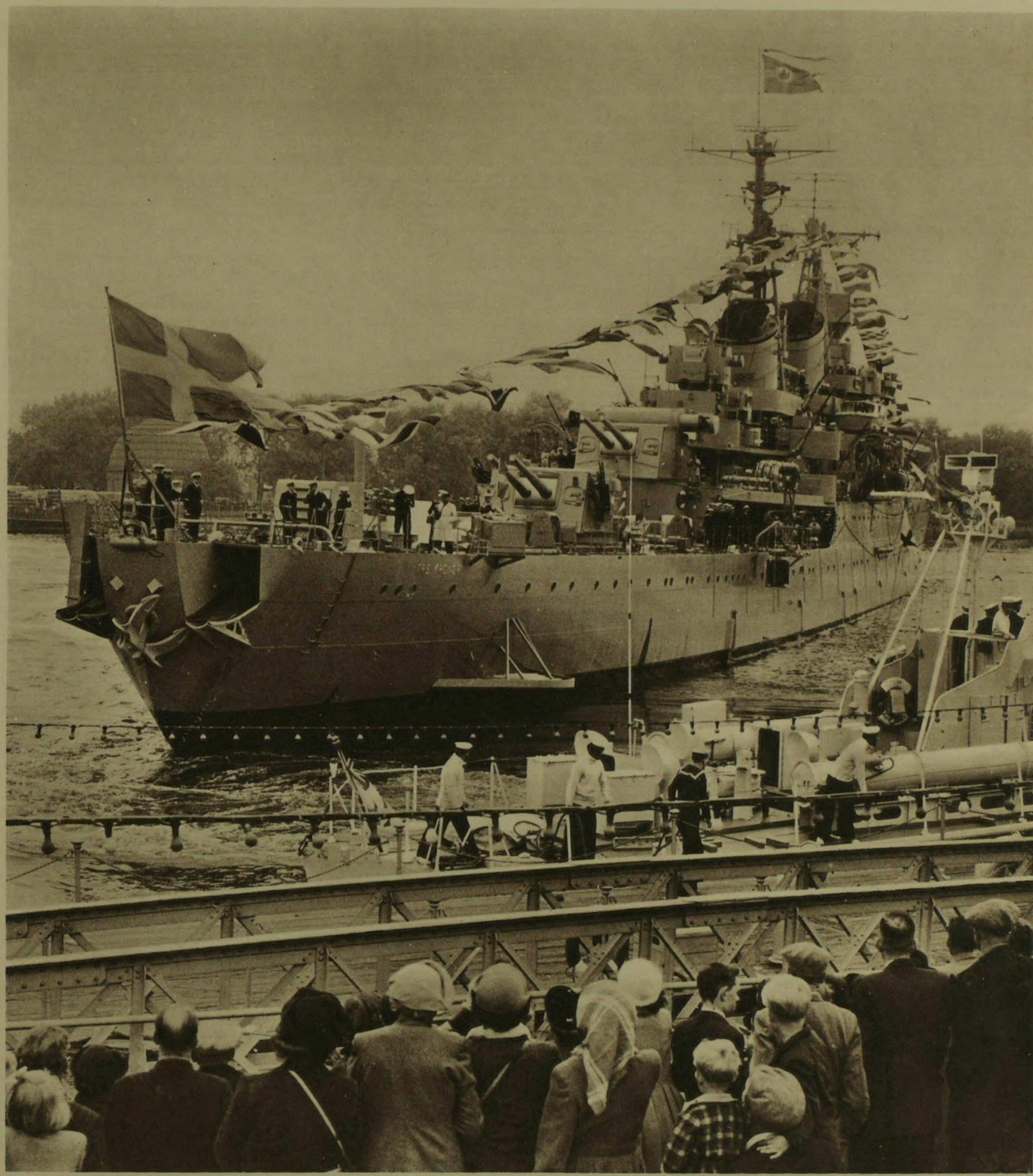


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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1954.



THE OPENING SCENE OF THE SWEDISH STATE VISIT: THE TRE KRONOR, THE CRUISER IN WHICH KING GUSTAF ADOLF AND QUEEN LOUISE CROSSED TO ENGLAND, ARRIVING ON JUNE 28 AT GREENWICH TIER.

The King of Sweden and his consort, Queen Louise, arrived for their State visit at Greenwich Tier on June 28 in the *Tre Kronor*, a cruiser of the Royal Swedish Navy, in which they had crossed from Sweden. Large crowds assembled to welcome the Royal visitors, and H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, nephew of Queen Louise, went aboard the *Tre Kronor* accompanied by the Swedish Ambassador,

to greet their Majesties; and embarked with them at noon in the Royal barge, to sail up London's river to Westminster, where her Majesty the Queen and other members of the Royal family came to give them a State—and an affectionate family—welcome. *Gay Bombardier*, one of the Navy's four fast patrol boats which acted as escort to the Royal barge, can be distinguished in the foreground.



### By ARTHUR BRYANT.

**O**N Sunday, May 30, there was unveiled in the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields a memorial to the British Expeditionary Force of 1914. It was erected by the survivors of the Fighting Services who composed that force, now banded together in the Old Contemptibles' Association; by the Royal Navy; by the Regiments and Corps of the British Army recorded in the Roll of Honour attached to the memorial; and by the Royal Air Force. A small crowd stood on the Sabbath pavements at the top of Trafalgar Square—trifling in size and enthusiasm compared with the crowds which habitually gather outside the cinemas to watch the fashionable mimers of the hour attend the *premières* of their shadowy, evanescent art—and a much larger number of middle-aged and elderly men, wearing medals, assembled outside the church. No casual passer-by could have guessed that what was being commemorated was, with the possible exception of D-Day and the Battle of Britain, the most dramatic and momentous event in the lifetime of every living man and woman of more than forty years of age: the saving of Western Europe and the values of a thousand years of civilisation by the self-sacrifice of seven British Regular divisions and the discipline, regimental *esprit de corps* and superb marksmanship of the officers and men who comprised them. For—though in the survival and ultimate victory of France and her allies this was subsequently forgotten—the defeat of the German westward march in the autumn of 1914 was something against all probability and in the nature of a miracle. I do not suggest that the average Briton of the time expected the French Army to be overwhelmed, for the average Briton of that time, even more perhaps than the average Briton of to-day, was, where Continental military matters were concerned, an insular ignoramus and something of a fool. He was so complacently buttressed behind the traditional age-long protection of salt-water and the Royal Navy that he regarded the drilling and goose-stepping of foreign enemies with humorous contempt. He knew little or nothing about the military history of Continental Europe since the defeat of Napoleon, and cared less.

The French people met the menace of 1914 with superb patriotism and courage. So did the French armies who, at the command of their theory-mad generals, immolated themselves before the prepared German defences in the Vosges during those first disastrous weeks of war. But few thinking Frenchmen at that time, I fancy, believed that France could triumph or that the Teuton invaders, with their brute mass and titanic preparations, would be less successful than they had been in 1814, 1815 and 1870–1. Within the lifetime of every Frenchman of even youthful middle-age, France had been brutally crushed by the military might of Prussia and Germany and had lain bleeding and helpless at the invader's feet. Paris, as they so painfully and vividly recalled, had been besieged, bombarded and ravished by the grim, *pickelhaubed* warriors from beyond the Rhine. Since that time the disparity between the rising power and population of Germany and the declining power and population of France had been greatly increased. And the Germans had the immense advantage of being the aggressor, of having chosen the moment of attack and having, by their treacherous violation of Belgian neutrality, outflanked the French defensive positions. It is true that Russia was fighting on the side of France just as it is true that Austria-Hungary was fighting on the side of Germany. But Russia was far away—a crippled, ill-organised giant, smarting under recent and ignominious defeat and still only half-prepared for modern industrial war. And Germany—fully industrialised—had the immense initial advantage of interior lines and was in a position to take full advantage of them and to dash France to the ground before the vast, half-eighteenth-century army of Imperial Russia could be mobilised. She had made the most careful plans to do so, and almost every officer in the German Army and German General Staff fully expected that those plans would succeed. The rapid fall of the French and Belgian frontier fortresses, the crushing defeat of the French offensive in the Vosges, the precipitate retreat southwards of the French northern armies all suggested that what so swiftly happened in 1870—and in the future was to happen in 1940—was about to happen in 1914.

Yet something quite different happened—something that no German and, I suspect, scarcely any Frenchman had counted upon. The nerve

of the German High Command failed, von Kluck's triumphant divisions made their fatal swerve, and Joffre and Gallieni counter-attacked in the miracle of the Marne and drove back the German armies. It is true that the German retreat and French success were only very temporary and that, after withdrawing a few miles, the immense strength of martial Germany reasserted itself in the West. For the remainder of the year the Franco-British Army was still fighting desperately for survival. But the momentum of the irresistible initial advance, on which Germany had staked everything, had been checked, and time had been given to Russia to exert her clumsy but vast strength in the east. For the rest of the war, until the Russian collapse in 1916–17, Germany fought on two fronts, and by that time Britain had created a major army and America had intervened. And the decisive cause of that unlooked-for, initial miracle had been the unexpected and terrible fighting power of the British Expeditionary Force

on the French sea-flank. Numerically that little force was, as the Kaiser himself put it, "contemptible." But in fighting quality it was not contemptible at all: man for man and regiment for regiment, it proved itself, for all its lack of Continental experience, the finest modern army in the world. The fire-power of its superb musketry was as crushing and bewildering to those who encountered it as had been the fire-power of the English archers at Crécy and Poitiers five-and-a-half centuries before. It shattered the calculations on which the German General Staff had confidently and reasonably counted. It provided that mysterious factor that so often has broken the carefully-prepared war-plans of would-be world-conquerors—the unexpected. It was, in its kind, for all its numerical inadequacy, decisive. The thin red line now, khaki, had halted the conquering columns of the all-powerful Reich as it had halted those of Napoleonic France in the Peninsula a century before. Mons, Le Cateau and first Ypres were as decisive in the long run as Corunna, Talavera and Busaco had been before them.

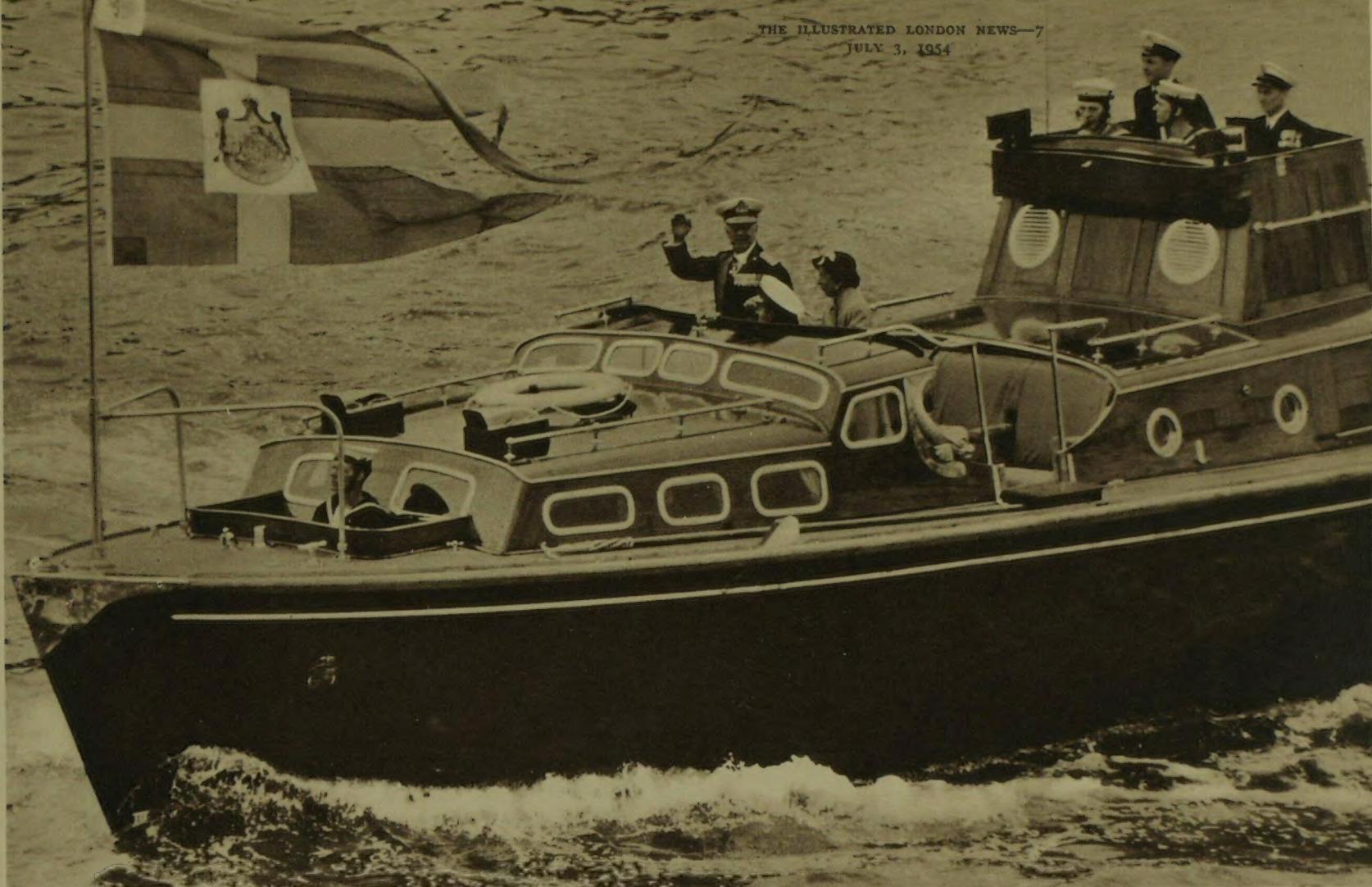
It was the men who had been part of that army who formed the congregation in St. Martin's Church and stood with their banners in the crypt to honour the unveiling of the memorial that commemorated that incomparable service to England. They were men who, in their simple discharge of their paid duty, had helped to change the course of history and prevent what happened in 1940 from happening in 1914, when the relative strength of the German Navy was so much greater than it was when France's collapse came. They had joined the Army, most of them, at a time when the soldier's career was despised by a rich, non-militarist, commercial nation, and when soldiers were little rewarded and little regarded. They had long ago been transformed by discipline and regimental *esprit de corps* into the men they had become and remained: men whose self-respect, sense of values and proved fidelity were written large in every inch of their neat, erect bodies, well-cared-for clothes, and fine,

self-controlled faces. They were the very flower of a great nation: men who had learnt the lesson of life early and never forgotten it. On more than one occasion I have had the privilege of working with the Old Contemptibles' Association, and a finer body of men, with higher standards or greater loyalty to those standards, I have never encountered. To see them standing there, in the evening of their days, before the memorial to their dead comrades, was to comprehend both the pathos and the dignity of human existence. They recalled Pope's line that an honest man's the noblest work of God—a line which does not spring to mind perhaps very often in the streets of post-war London. "Teach us, O God," ran the words of one of the prayers in that simple service, "to serve Thee as Thou deservest: to give and not to count the cost: to fight and not to heed the wounds: to toil and not to seek for rest: to labour and not to ask for any reward." That is what these men had done, and it was plain enough to see, looking at their faces, had continued to do in the walks of peace, as of war. "O little mighty force that stood for England!" a poet wrote of them and their long-dead companions in their great hour forty years ago, and, as I came out of the church, I could not help reflecting that they were still to-day standing for her and the values her name enshrines.



THEIR MAJESTIES KING GUSTAF ADOLF AND QUEEN LOUISE OF SWEDEN.

The three-day State visit which the King and Queen of Sweden have just paid to her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II. is the first State visit by any head of State in the present reign. King Gustaf Adolf and Queen Louise arrived on June 28 in H.S.M.S. *Tre Kronor*; and the Duke of Edinburgh met them at Greenwich Pier and proceeded with them to Westminster Pier for the welcome by the Queen, the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal family. King Gustaf Adolf, who was born in 1882, succeeded to the throne in 1950. His first wife was a daughter of the Duke of Connaught. She died in 1920 and in 1923 his Majesty married Lady Louise Mountbatten, daughter of Prince Louis of Battenberg (afterwards first Marquess of Milford Haven). She is a sister of Earl Mountbatten of Burma and an aunt of the Duke of Edinburgh. The programme for the Royal visit, which was due to end on July 1, included a State banquet at Buckingham Palace, a visit to Guildhall and lunch at the Mansion House, a gala performance of *Le Coq d'Or* at Covent Garden, and other official engagements, among which may be mentioned a visit to the Swedish Church in Harcourt Street and a reception of the Swedish Colony in London.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE CHEERS OF THE CROWDS ON THE EMBANKMENT AS THE ROYAL BARGE APPROACHES WATERLOO BRIDGE: KING GUSTAF OF SWEDEN WITH QUEEN LOUISE AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. EARLIER EIGHTEEN CANBERRA AIRCRAFT OF THE R.A.F. HAD FLOWN OVER THE RIVER IN SALUTE.



BEING WELCOMED AT WESTMINSTER PIER BY THE QUEEN AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY: KING GUSTAF (RIGHT) AND QUEEN LOUISE (FRONT, LEFT) WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET. BEHIND, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, ARE THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, THE DUCHESS OF KENT, THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF SWEDEN SAILING UP THE THAMES; AND BEING WELCOMED BY THE QUEEN AT WESTMINSTER.

King Gustaf and Queen Louise of Sweden, who arrived at Greenwich Pier in the Swedish cruiser *Tre Kronor* on June 28 for a three-day State visit to this country, were met at Greenwich by the Duke of Edinburgh and the Swedish Ambassador, Mr. Gunnar Hägglöf. All along the banks of the

Thames large crowds gathered to greet the Royal visitors as they sailed up the river in the Royal barge. At Westminster Pier King Gustaf and Queen Louise were welcomed by her Majesty the Queen, who was accompanied by her mother and other members of the Royal family.



TWO SOVEREIGNS DRIVE IN STATE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE : QUEEN ELIZABETH II.; AND HER GUEST, KING GUSTAF ADOLF OF SWEDEN, WEARING THE UNIFORM OF AN ADMIRAL OF THE BRITISH NAVY, AN HONORARY RANK HE HOLDS.

No more splendid processional route exists than the Mall, and no country can mount ceremonial with more dignity than Great Britain. For the first time in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, her Majesty entertained a visiting foreign Sovereign, her relative, King Gustaf Adolf of Sweden, and the procedure was worthy of the historic occasion. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh went to Greenwich to welcome the Royal visitors and escort them during their journey up the Thames to

Westminster Pier, where the Queen and her nearest relatives met them; and the two Sovereigns then drove in a State landau drawn by Windsor Greys, with a Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry, through streets lined by troops, and filled with cheering crowds, to Buckingham Palace. Queen Louise and the Duke of Edinburgh drove in the second carriage. The procession is shown turning out of Horse Guards Parade into the Mall.

## HER MAJESTY WELCOMES HER SWEDISH ROYAL GUESTS: AT THE PALACE.



(ABOVE.)

THE ARRIVAL AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE: H.M. THE QUEEN WITH KING GUSTAF OF SWEDEN DRIVING THROUGH THE GATES OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE, AS SWEDISH FLAGS FLUTTER IN THE FOREGROUND.

ELSEWHERE in this issue we describe and illustrate the arrival in the Thames on June 28 of their Majesties the King and Queen of Sweden, their progress up river to Westminster Pier, where they were met by Queen Elizabeth; and the subsequent State drive to Buckingham Palace. A full programme had been arranged for the Swedish Royal

[Continued opposite.]

(RIGHT.) HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WITH HER NEWLY-ARRIVED GUESTS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE. (CENTRE, RIGHT) KING GUSTAF VI. OF SWEDEN WITH (ON HIS RIGHT) QUEEN LOUISE OF SWEDEN, STANDING BESIDE HER NEPHEW, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

*Continued.* visit. The first full day (June 29) included a visit by King Gustaf to the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington and a dinner at the Swedish Embassy given by the King and Queen of Sweden for Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. On June 30 King Gustaf and Queen Louise were to visit the Swedish Church in Harcourt Street and meet the Swedish colony, and were later driving in State from Buckingham Palace to Guildhall and thence to luncheon at the Mansion House. In the afternoon King Gustaf proposed to visit the British Museum; and later Queen Louise and he, with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, were to be the guests of the Government at a gala performance of "Le Coq d'Or" at Covent Garden. The State visit was to end on July 1, the remainder of their London stay being spent at the Swedish Embassy.



## BEHIND THE SCENES IN FRANCE BEFORE DUNKIRK.

"*ASSIGNMENT TO CATASTROPHE. Vol. I. Prelude to Dunkirk, July 1939—May 1940*"; by Major-General Sir Edward L. Spears.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

**G**Eneral SPEARS, whose French is perfect, who was a regular soldier, and who was for many years a Member of Parliament, was a Liaison Officer with the French in the 1914–18 War, and wrote two books about his experiences. In 1940 he resumed liaison work as Winston Churchill's personal representative with the French Government. This is the first of two volumes describing what he saw, heard and thought during his mission. The second, with the melancholy title "The Fall of France," is to appear in the autumn. Those who read his former volumes will need no assurance from me that his new book is distinguished by shrewd judgment of men and affairs, by comprehensive knowledge, by power of graphic description, and by lucidity and vigour of style.

He opens with a prelude to the Prelude. It was August 1, 1939, and Sir Edward was lunching at Chartwell with Mr. Churchill—still, as he had long been, excluded from office. They discussed the aftermath of Munich: "We spoke of the immense advantage which had accrued to Germany by her seizure of Czechoslovakia. Neither of us doubted that in the year that had just elapsed Germany had armed infinitely faster than had either the French or ourselves. I knew Czechoslovakia well. There was no doubt that the already vast German arms industry, driven at furious pace, had gained an enormous accession of strength by the possession of the Skoda and Witkowitz Works." They then proceeded to arrange a visit to France as Mr. Churchill wanted to see the Maginot Line—that superb, but unhappily incomplete, array of fortresses which was later to be so early turned by the German rush of armour. General Spears went ahead and was unpleasantly surprised to find that French friends, whom he had thought "nothing could alter," were saying that "Hitler was no doubt odious, but he hated Communism, and at least stood for order" and "made no attempt to conceal their belief that England was bent on using France as a shield in a war she was seeking against Hitler's Germany"—the tiresome old myth of "perfidious Albion," in fact, which the German wireless was to "plug" hard later on. Mr. Churchill went over later and joined General Spears and his old and trusty friend General Georges: "It was interesting to observe how Churchill and Georges, two men who without doubt must bear heavy responsibility in the conflict they both thought to be near [for no sensible man in England doubted that our timid Government would have to call Mr. Churchill in, once it became evident that a second "peace with honour" could not be risked], faced up to it easily, naturally. Responsibility was

so characteristic of Napoleon. He can pull out one drawer of his mind and then another with great rapidity, yet nothing can deflect him from the subject in the drawer he is dealing with at any particular moment. Every question appertaining to it is carefully sorted out and catalogued, nothing is forgotten or mislaid and everything flashes back to his memory in orderly array when required. For the moment he was concentrating on the French plan of defence; and his knowledge and prescience delighted Georges, who became ever more animated in the glow of Churchill's all-illuminating mind"—as, before long, all Britain, and all free-minded Europe, were to be.

Thereafter, for a hundred and fifty pages, we have the era of "the phony war": not at all "phony" for the Poles. General Spears combines a survey of the military situation with a developing picture of the growth of unrest in the House of Commons, which came to a head after Mr. Chamberlain (a decent man who believed in almost-any, but not quite any-price) announced, at the time of the German easy seizure of Norway, that Hitler had "missed the bus." Mr. Churchill and General Spears made visits to France

of Britain and France as the leading characters. Mr. Churchill implored the French to go on resisting—after all, in the last resort, the Government could have crossed to Africa and taken their invaluable Fleet with them. Mr. Churchill made a last tremendous appeal. "Churchill was saying that France and Britain must maintain the closest, the most trustful, the most complete unity.. Every effort

must be made to maintain the public spirit. Whatever the issue of the battle in France, the British Government and people would go on to the bitter end, however great the hardship, however immeasurable the sacrifices." He then is quoted literally: "'The peoples of France and Britain were not born to slavery, nor can they endure it. It is impossible that a temporary Nazi victory should bring to a final conclusion the glorious histories of France and Britain. I am absolutely convinced,' the words were rolling on like waves, symmetrical and formidable, crashing on to our consciousness, 'that we have only to fight on to conquer. If Germany defeated either ally or both, she would give no mercy. We should be reduced to the status of slaves for ever. Even if one of us is struck down, the other must not abandon the struggle. Should one of the comrades fall in the battle, the other must not put down his arms until his wounded friend is on his feet again. We shall,' he said, 'carry on with the war if every building in France and Great Britain is destroyed. The British Government is prepared to wage war from the New World if through some disaster England herself is laid waste. The British people will fight on until the New World re-conquers the Old. Better far that the last of the English should fall fighting and *finis* be written to our history than to linger on as vassals and slaves.'

"Everyone in that room was deeply moved," says General Spears. The effect must have been transitory with some, who thought they had been



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR EDWARD L. SPEARS, BT., K.B.E., C.B., M.C., THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.  
Major-General Sir Edward Spears, who was born in 1886, served with distinction in World War I. He was Head of the British Military Mission in Paris, 1917–20. From May–June 1940 he was the Prime Minister's Personal Representative with the French Prime Minister and Minister of Defence; he was Head of the British Mission to General de Gaulle, July 1940; Head of the Spears Mission to Syria and the Lebanon, July 1941; and then the first Minister to the Republics of Syria and the Lebanon, 1942–44.



"WAITING TO EMBARK WHILST THE GERMAN ARMOUR DREW IN EVER CLOSER AND THE LUFTWAFFE POURED ITS BOMBS CEASELESSLY INTO THE IMMENSE CONCOURSE OF MEN": A SCENE ON THE BEACHES AT DUNKIRK IN MAY, 1940.  
(Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum.)

during this period of suspense. The General pays high tribute to the late Arthur Greenwood's speech just before the outbreak (it is a pity that he, whose later years were clouded, should have not lived quite long enough to read this eulogy by a political opponent) and to Duff Cooper, an ambitious man who, nevertheless, was willing to risk his future on a point of honour, or for his country's sake. Chamberlain, a sick man already, had to go: Churchill came in: thereafter, General Spears, until France fell,

represented Mr. Churchill, and all of us, at what, in former days, would have been called the French Court.

It is a sad tale that he has to tell. There was jealousy amongst the French Generals, and an uncertainty about spheres of control. There was bitter antagonism between French politicians in a Government, fomented by rich feminine rivals who detested each other: "*Cherchez la femme*" is a French, not an English, proverb. General Spears draws clean and incisive portraits of a large number of French soldiers and politicians during the waiting period.

Then the blow fell. The Ardennes, which the "experts" (as usual, out-of-date) had thought impenetrable to armour, were traversed by the Germans. The roads were jammed by refugees, whom the German airmen industriously bombed, and communications between the French, Belgian and English Armies went to pot. Those last days before Dunkirk are still involved in the "Fog of War": the one thing certain is that perfidious Lord Gort, from this perfidious island, obeyed every instruction which reached him from his French Commanders to the letter, and—in the end, got most of his troops away to help in the recovery and final so-called victory. It was at least a victory over the Germans.

We close with a very long discussion in Paris (May 3, 1940) on the whole situation, with the Premiers



JANUARY 1940: MR. CHURCHILL IN FRANCE WITH (L. TO R.) GENERAL IRONSIDE, GENERAL GARNIER, LORD GORT AND GENERAL GEORGES.  
(Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum.)

their portion and they accepted it. Undismayed, they gave no thought to regrets, the one that his countrymen had paid such scant heed to his warnings, the other that he had not had much say in the fashioning of the army he was to handle or of the strategy it was tied to. Churchill, who can jump from one subject to another with the agility of a grasshopper, has nevertheless the same power of concentration that

\* "Assignment to Catastrophe: Vol. I.; Prelude to Dunkirk, July 1939—May 1940"; By Major-General Sir Edward Spears, Bt., K.B.E., C.B., M.C. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 25s.)



AT A MEETING OF THE SUPREME WAR COUNCIL, MAY 1940: (L. TO R.) MR. CHURCHILL, GENERAL SIR JOHN DILL, SIR RONALD CAMPBELL, MR. ATTLEE, M. PAUL REYNAUD AND, BEHIND HIM, GENERAL SPEARS.  
(Illustrations from the book "Assignment to Catastrophe: Prelude to Dunkirk," reproduced by courtesy of the publisher, William Heinemann, Ltd.)

listening merely to superb rhetoric and not to that genuine Voice of Britain, which, at home, spoke to us all, for us all, in words which expressed the deepest feelings of our hearts. France fell; but the recovery—de Gaulle and the Resistance—was simultaneous with the fall. And as we read this story of the collapse we should not forget the ultimate *Te Deum* in Notre Dame.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 38 of this issue.



DRIVING IN STATE TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE : THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN IN THE SECOND CARRIAGE WITH HER NEPHEW, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH. IN THE FOREGROUND MEMBERS OF THE CHEERING CROWD ARE WAVING MINIATURE SWEDISH FLAGS.



WITH HER ROYAL GUEST FROM SWEDEN : H.M. THE QUEEN ARRIVING AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE WITH KING GUSTAF VI. AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS THREE-DAY STATE VISIT WITH QUEEN LOUISE. A SOVEREIGN'S ESCORT OF HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY ATTENDED THE CARRIAGE PROCESSION.

#### THE QUEEN AND HER PEOPLE WELCOME THE ROYAL VISITORS FROM SWEDEN : LONDON SCENES.

When the King and Queen of Sweden arrived in London on June 28 they were not only welcomed by the Queen and members of the Royal family, but by crowds of Londoners who lined the streets as the carriage procession made its way to Buckingham Palace. The first public engagement of their visit was in the afternoon, when King Gustaf and Queen Louise placed a

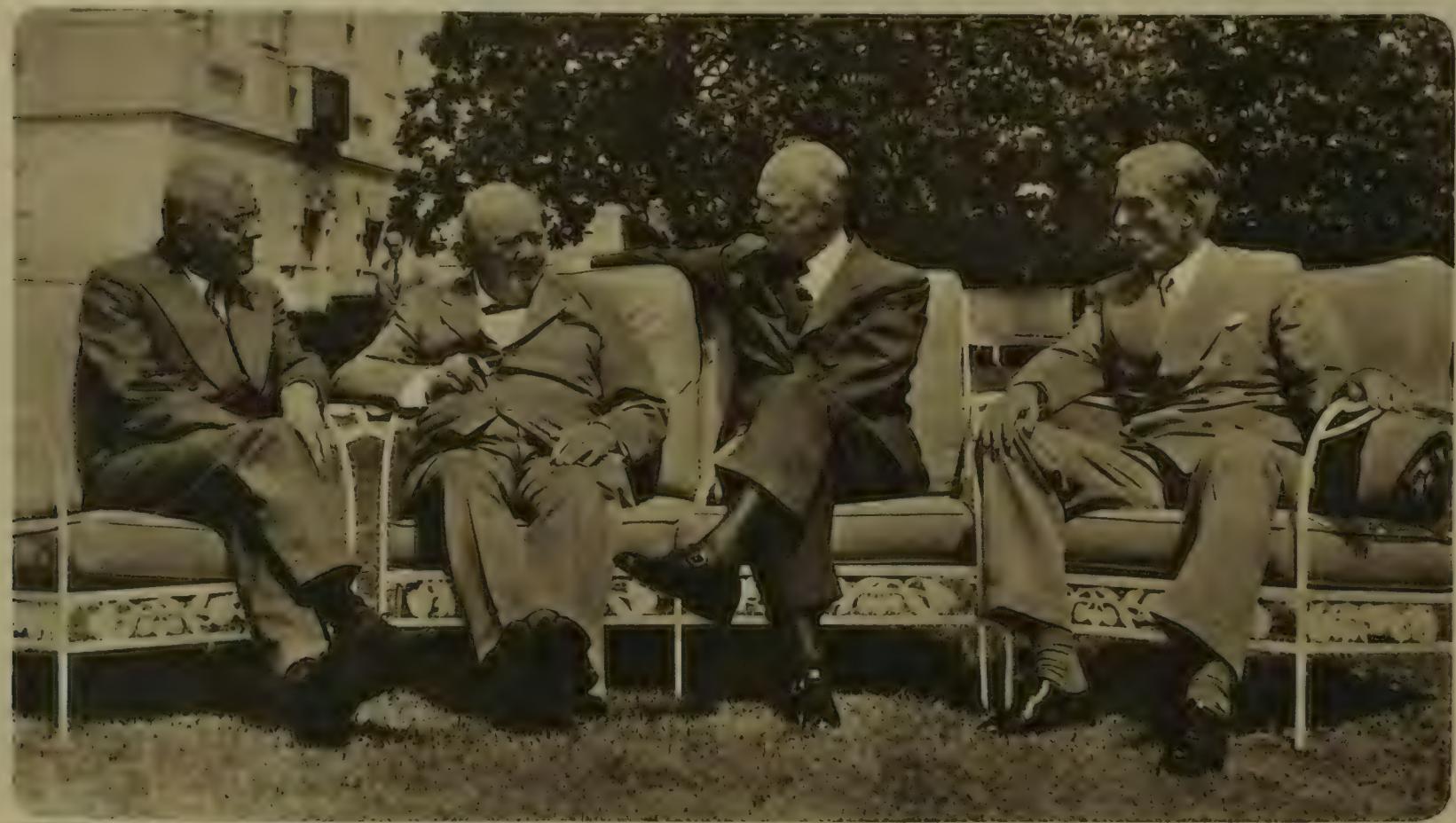
wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. After visiting Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother at Clarence House, the Royal visitors went to St. James's Palace, where they received addresses from the London County Council and the Mayor and Corporation of Westminster. In the evening the Queen gave a State Banquet in their honour.



ARRIVING AT WASHINGTON AIRPORT: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, FOLLOWED BY MR. EDEN, BEING WELCOMED BY VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON; WAITING TO WELCOME THE PRIME MINISTER ARE MR. DULLES (SECOND FROM LEFT) AND SIR ROGER MAKINS (LEFT).



WELCOMED TO THE WHITE HOUSE BY MRS. EISENHOWER: SIR WINSTON BOWING AS HE SHAKES HANDS WITH THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE; ON HIS LEFT IS PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.



IN THE ROSE GARDEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE WASHINGTON TALKS: (L. TO R.) MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES (U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE); SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL, PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND MR. ANTHONY EDEN.

ON June 25 Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden arrived in Washington "to talk over a few family matters, and to try to make sure that there are no misunderstandings," as the Prime Minister described it in a brief speech at the airport. The principal meetings were held at the White House and started soon after the arrival of Sir Winston and Mr. Eden. The conference was held in secret and the talks, which were to have ended on June 27, were extended until the following day, when

[Continued below, left.]

AT THE WHITE HOUSE: THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SHOWING THE BRITISH PRIME MINISTER TO A SEAT IN THE GARDEN.  
Continued.]

Sir Winston, President Eisenhower, Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles held a final meeting at the White House. At a luncheon on June 26 attended by Members of Congress, the Prime Minister emphasized his full support for Mr. Eden's speech



RESPONDING WITH THE V-SIGN TO SHOUTS OF ACCLAMATION: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL DRIVING TO THE WHITE HOUSE WITH VICE-PRESIDENT NIXON.

in the House of Commons on June 23 in which he reviewed the methods of guarding against aggression in South-East Asia, and he indicated clearly that he looked upon Mr. Eden as his successor.

DISCUSSING "FAMILY MATTERS" IN WASHINGTON: SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AND MR. EDEN AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

## UNCOVERING THE "TOWER OF BABEL": THE ZIGGURAT OF TCHOGA-ZANBIL.

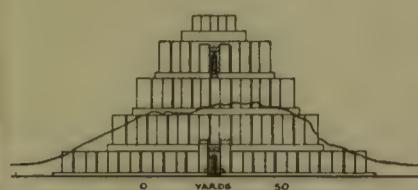


FIG. 1. THE "TOWER OF BABEL" OF TCHOGA-ZANBIL : A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF THE ORIGINAL FIVE STOREYS OF THE GREAT ZIGGURAT, BASED ON THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS.



FIG. 2. THE NORTH-WEST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT—COMPARE WITH FIG. 1. ITS BASE ORIGINALLY MEASURED ABOUT 110 YARDS AND ITS ORIGINAL HEIGHT WAS PROBABLY ABOUT 170 FT.

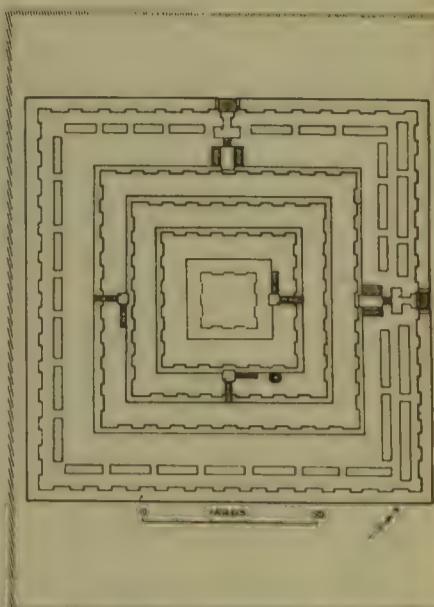


FIG. 3. THE RECONSTRUCTED GROUND PLAN OF THE ZIGGURAT, SHOWING THE FIVE STAGES, THE DOUBLE ROW OF CHAMBERS ON THE NORTH-EAST FACE AND THE LINE OF ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT.



FIG. 4. THE PARTLY UNCOVERED NORTH-EAST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT. THE THREE ARROWS SHOW THE CHAMBERS WHICH WERE FILLED WITH BRICKS, AND POINT TO THE HOLES IN THE VAULTING THROUGH WHICH THE ELAMITE WORKMEN EMERGED AFTER PACKING THE CHAMBERS SOLID.

A French archaeological mission has been working in the province of Khuzistan, South-west Persia, for more than fifty years, and for the last few years this mission has been exploring the huge Elamite site of Tchoga-Zanbil (also referred to as Tchoga-Zambil and Choga-Zambil). This site, called in ancient times Dur-Untashi, was a city built by the Elamite king who reigned in the middle of the thirteenth century B.C., one of the brilliant periods of Elamite history, and the mound as it now exists comprises the remains of a huge ziggurat with adjoining temples. It lies about 18½ miles (30 km.) south-east of Susa, and has been the subject of previous articles by DR. R. GHIRSHMAN, the Director of the French Archaeological Mission in Iran, in "The Illustrated London News" of December 6, 1952, and August 8, 1953. The excavations have continued sufficiently to permit a paper reconstruction of the original appearance and plan of this Elamite "Tower of Babel"; and concerning the discoveries made during this last season and their implications, DR. GHIRSHMAN writes:

WAS the Ziggurat, or "Tower of Babel," that sacred building of the Sumero-Babylonian religion which inspired the famous passage in the Bible, a sanctuary or a tomb? Such is the question with which orientalists are faced. Even if all are agreed in recognising that a temple crowned this huge mass of bricks built up in step formation, some refuse to recognise in it the concept of a tomb. Is the Ziggurat of Tchoga-Zanbil—the only one at present known in Persia—capable of supplying the answer to this question? The problem could depend—so it appears—on the interpretation given to the discoveries which the French Mission in Persia has just made in last winter's season of excavations. The north-west face of the ziggurat (Fig. 2) has been entirely uncovered. In the sides of the second stage of this face, which rises 8 metres (26 ft. 3 ins.) above the forecourt, we have discovered seven chambers 2·10 metres (6 ft. 10½ ins.) wide, in a ground-level lower than the forecourt. These chambers originally had vaulted ceilings

[Continued overleaf]



FIG. 5. IN THE TEMPLE PRECINCTS DEDICATED TO ISHNIQARAB-KIRIRISHA, WHICH LIE BESIDE THE NORTH-WEST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A WORKSHOP.

*Continued.*  
but without stairs. As we found them they were entirely filled with baked bricks. This filling had been effected by means of an opening (Fig. 4), large enough to admit a man, which had been specially cut for that purpose in the vaulted ceiling. After having filled these chambers, the workmen withdrew by this opening, which they then carefully filled in. When we had cleared these chambers to ground-level, we were able to perceive that they originally [Continued opposite.]

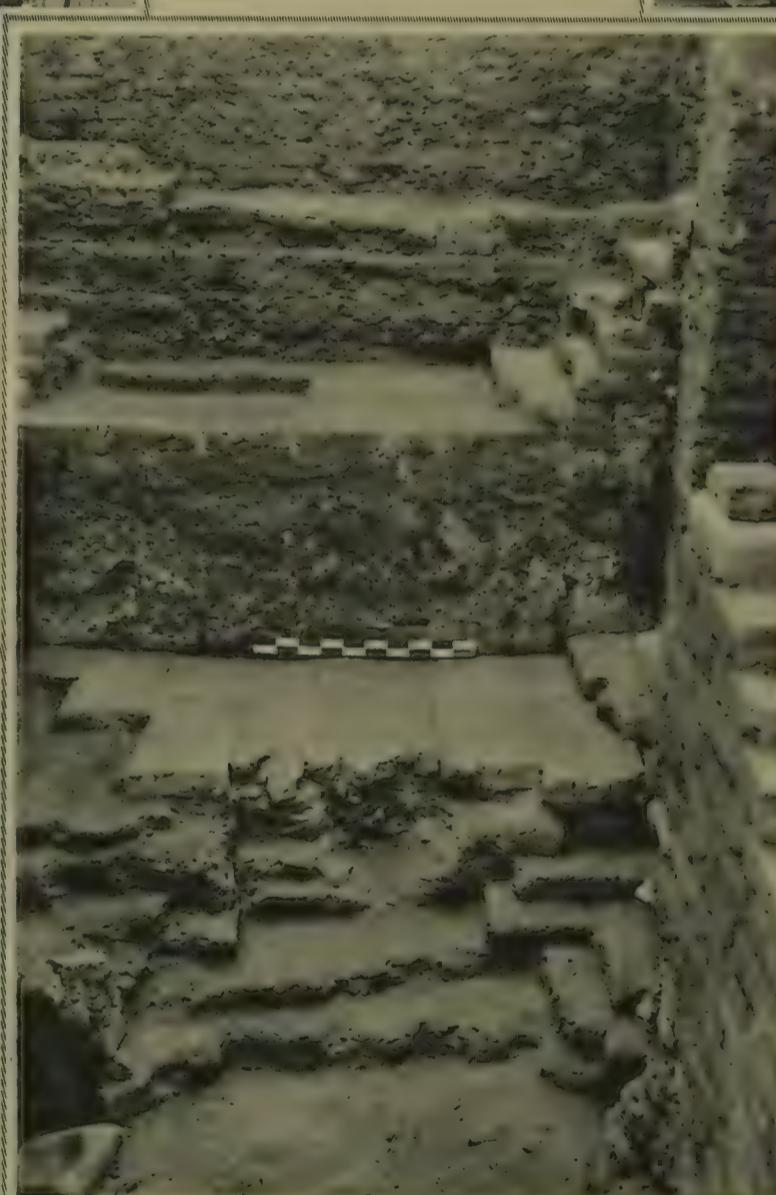


FIG. 6. INSIDE ONE OF THE BRICKED-UP CHAMBERS, AFTER THE FILLING HAD BEEN CLEARED. THE LARGE BRICKED-UP ARCHWAY ORIGINALLY COMMUNICATED WITH THE INTERIOR OF THE ZIGGURAT.

*Continued.*  
communicated with the interior of the ziggurat by means of vaulted monumental doors (Fig. 6), more than 4 metres (13 ft. 1½ ins.) high, which had been walled up before the chambers themselves were filled in. It was becoming clear that at the time when these chambers were in use, the interior of the ziggurat—three masses of mud bricks—was not yet in existence. We must, therefore, discover the meaning of these two groups of chambers. Those fitted with stairs could [Continued below.]

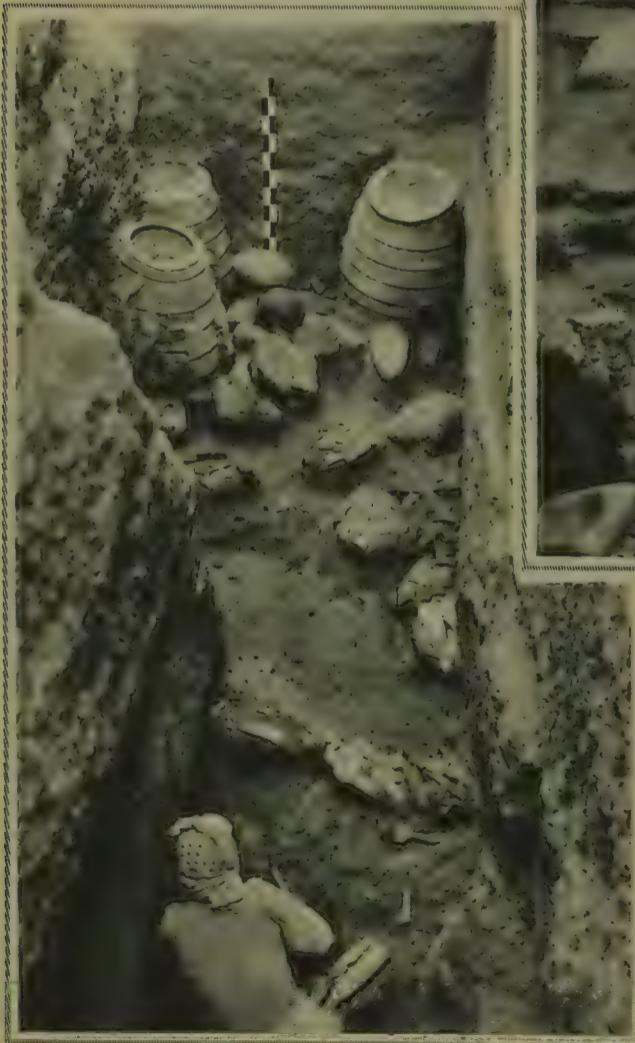


FIG. 7. THE LANDING OF THE STAIRWAY ON THE THIRD STAGE AND THE SOUTH-WEST FACE. THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT HAS NOW BEEN DISCOVERED. (SEE FIG. 1.)

*Continued.*  
have been kept for offerings; but as regards those, however, which had been blocked but were completely empty of any other object, but whose walls had been plastered, and which, so it seems, only existed in a ritual function prior to the raising of the rest of the ziggurat—we should be inclined to see in them symbolic tombs of certain divinities. Half-way up the third stage of the south-west face of the ziggurat we brought to light the landing of a staircase (Fig. 7), which allowed us to see how the ascent was made to the top of the monument and to reconstruct this ascent as far as the fifth stage, whose mass rose from the virgin soil in the same way as the four other masses which enveloped it (Figs. 1 and 3). Around the ziggurat lay temples and forecourts. The sanctuaries which lay opposite the north-west face of the [Continued opposite.]

FIG. 8. PERHAPS A STOREHOUSE OF OFFERINGS: ONE OF THE NORTH-WEST CHAMBERS WHICH HAD STAIRS. IT CONTAINS THREE LARGE JARS AND ABOUT TWENTY SMALLER ONES.



FIG. 9. WHERE OFFERINGS TO THE DEITY ISHNIQARAB-KIRIRISHA WERE STORED: STORE-CHAMBERS IN PART OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST COMPLEX OF TEMPLE BUILDINGS.

## AN ELAMITE SCULPTURE OF MAJOR IMPORTANCE, AND CRYPTIC PLAQUES.



FIG. 10. LOOKING DOWN INTO ONE OF THE EXTERIOR CHAMBERS OF THE NORTH-EAST FACE OF THE ZIGGURAT—FILLED WITH STRANGE POMMEL-SHAPED PLAQUES. SEE FIG. II.



FIG. II. A DETAIL OF THE PLAQUES SHOWN IN FIG. IO. THESE ARE MADE OF ENAMELLED TERRA-COTTA AND ARE TYPICAL OF TCHOGA-ZANBIL. THEIR PURPOSE IS OBSCURE, BUT THEY MAY HAVE BEEN USED AS ORNAMENTAL TILES.



FIG. 12. CLEARING ONE OF THE EXTERIOR CHAMBERS OF THE NORTH-EAST FACE. THIS WAS FILLED WITH ROUND PLAQUES, SHAPED RATHER LIKE A NAIL-HEAD, PROBABLY COMPARABLE WITH THOSE SHOWN IN FIG. II.

*Continued from page 14.*

ziggurat have now been completely uncovered. The whole complex had been dedicated to Ishniqarab Kiririsha, and its western end included workshops (Fig. 5) and stores (Fig. 9). In one of the sections of this part of the temple we brought to light a vase (Fig. 13) in the shape of a woman's head, of remarkable workmanship, which provides evidence of the great skill of the Elamite artists of the thirteenth century B.C.



FIG. 13. ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE SINGLE DISCOVERIES OF THE SEASON'S WORK: A VASE IN THE SHAPE OF A WOMAN'S HEAD, FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF ISHNIQARAB-KIRIRISHA AND PROVIDING EVIDENCE OF THE SKILL OF THE ELAMITE ARTISTS OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C.



THE GREAT ORGAN OF ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY, NOW RESTORED IN THE RE-DEDICATED CHURCH. THE CARVING IS BY GRINLING GIBBONS, THE ORGAN DATING FROM 1687.

## RESTORED IN THEIR ORIGINAL SPLENDOUR: THE FURNISHINGS OF ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY.



THE RESTORED ALTAR OF ST. JAMES'S. THE MAGNIFICENT LIME-WOOD CARVINGS OF THE REREDOS BY GRINLING GIBBONS ESCAPED THE DAMAGE OF THE BLITZ, AND ARE NOW SET AGAINST A NEW BACKGROUND OF GOLD LEAF WITH A CEDAR-WOOD RISING SUN.



THE ROYAL CREST, DATING FROM THE REIGN OF WILLIAM AND MARY. IT IS FROM THE WORKSHOP OF GRINLING GIBBONS AND, ALTHOUGH IT WAS SOMEWHAT DAMAGED DURING THE WAR, HAS NOW BEEN SKILFULLY REPAIRED AND RESTORED BY A CAMBRIDGE FIRM.

As reported on the opposite page, the Church of St. James's, Piccadilly, was re-dedicated by the Bishop of London on June 19, and so became again completely available for public worship. This church, which was built by Wren in 1680 at the expense of Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Albans, was almost completely destroyed in an air raid in 1940; and its rebuilding and restoration are now complete except for a very few finishing touches. Its remarkable furnishings, however, for the most part escaped serious damage, and we show above some of these, now repaired and restored in their original beauty and splendour. It is one of only three



THE WHITE MARBLE FONT OF ST. JAMES'S—AT WHICH WILLIAM Pitt, EARL OF CHATHAM, WAS BAPTISED. IT WAS DESIGNED BY GRINLING GIBBONS. THE BOWL—ABOVE THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE—CARRIES THREE RELIEFS.

London churches in which it is definitely known that Grinling Gibbons personally carried out the work. The lime-wood altar-piece, with its pelican and the garlands of fruit and flowers, is particularly fine, and it is now set against a background of gold leaf on wood designed by Professor A. E. Richardson, R.A. The magnificent organ was built in 1687 by Renatus Harris for James II.'s private chapel at Whitehall and given to St. James's in 1691 by Mary II., at the request of Dr. Tenison. The reliefs of the font show the baptisms of Christ and the Treasurer of Candace, and Noah's Ark.



ONE OF LONDON'S BEST-KNOWN CHURCHES RESTORED AND RE-DEDICATED : ST. JAMES'S, PICCADILLY, SHOWING A GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE WREN CHURCH AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

One of London's most famous West End churches, St. James's, Piccadilly, was re-dedicated by the Bishop of London, Dr. Wand, at a service on June 10. The church, built by Wren in 1680, was badly damaged by enemy action in October 1940, when the roof was almost entirely destroyed. Fortunately, many of the

fittings were saved, including the altarpiece by Grinling Gibbons, the organ and the carved font, also designed by Grinling Gibbons, which are shown on the facing page. St. James's is now restored, the beautiful fittings have been replaced, and the church is once again a worthy setting for the worship and glory of God.

## THE BLACK PRINCE'S "ACHIEVEMENTS" COPIED—FOR HIS CANTERBURY TOMB.



THE HELM, CAP OF MAINTENANCE AND CREST: THE CAP OF LEATHER IN CRIMSON POWDERED WITH GOLD ROSETTES, THE ERMINE LINING RENDERED IN WHITE WITH TAILS, THE CREST MODELLED IN LEATHER, THE "FUR" APPLIED IN SEGMENTS, AND GILT.

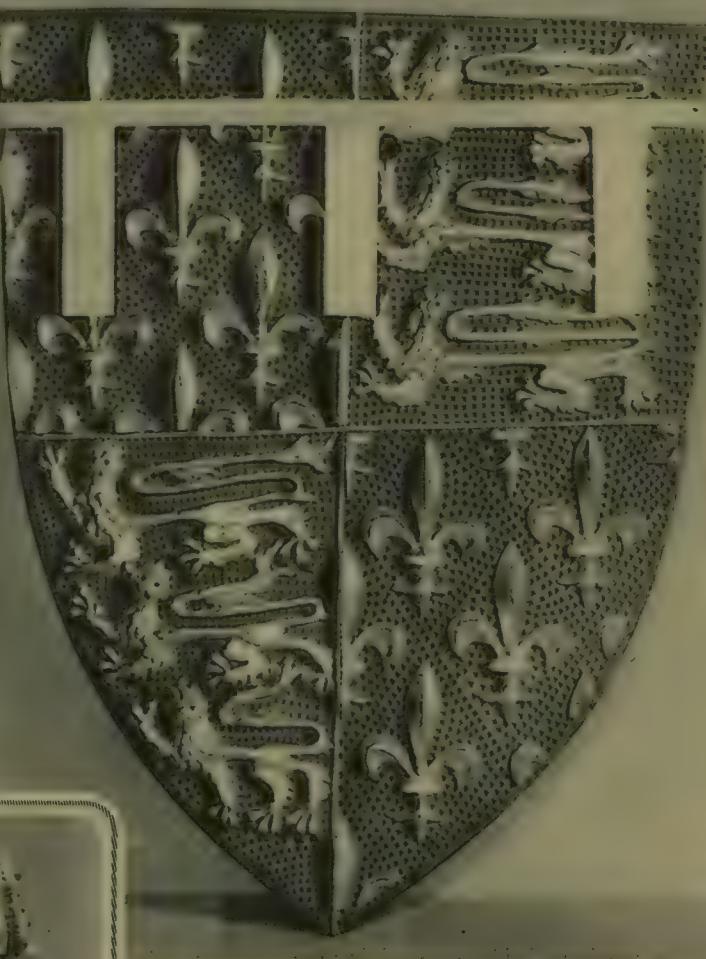


THE HELM, SHOWING THE CHAIN TO ATTACH IT TO THE BREASTPLATE. IT IS MADE IN THREE PARTS ONLY, AND THE BEATING AND DRAWING-OUT OF THE UPPER PART IN ONE PIECE CALLED FOR GREAT SKILL—indeed, was the recovery of a lost art.



(ABOVE.) THE SURCOAT, QUILTED IN VERTICAL LINES, COVERED WITH RED AND BLUE VELVET, EMBROIDERED IN GOLD WITH THE LILIES OF FRANCE AND LEOPARDS OF ENGLAND, AND (INSET) ONE GAUNTLET WITH "GADLINGS" (KNUCKLE-DUSTERS) OF LIONS STATANT.

THE copies of the funeral "achievements" of Edward the Black Prince (1330-1376), to be suspended above his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral in place of the originals, which had hung there for close on 600 years, were presented to the Dean and Chapter by the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral at a festival service on June 19. When the original "achievements" were cleaned in 1950 at the workshops of the Tower of London Armouries, Sir James Mann, Master of the Armouries, reported that they were too fragile to survive further cleaning; [Continued opposite.]



THE SHIELD: THE HERALDIC CHARGES OF BOILED LEATHER SHAPED IN HIGH RELIEF WERE APPLIED TO A GESSO SURFACE ON A WOODEN SHIELD, MADE WITH THE NECESSARY CONVEX CURVE.

*Continued.]*

and offered to have copies made in the Armouries to hang above the monument, so that the originals might be preserved under glass. This has been done, with the greatest skill. The beating and drawing-out of the upper part of the helm was achieved at the second attempt by Mr. Smith, of the Armouries staff, working under the direction of Mr. Egli. Mr. H. R. Robinson, of the Tower Armouries, modelled the crest in leather; and the jupon or surcoat was carried out by the Royal School of Needlework.

# BURAIMI OASIS—CLAIMED BY SAUDI ARABIA AND PROTECTED BY GREAT BRITAIN: ITS LIFE, PEOPLES, AND HINTERLAND.

By WILFRED THESIGER, D.S.O.

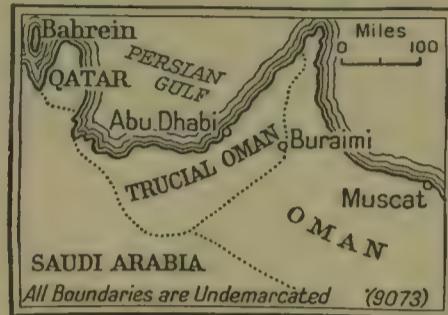
(MR. THESIGER, who has also travelled much in Abyssinia, the Sudan, the Western Desert and Syria, is an authority on Southern Arabia. In the course of his explorations in that country during 1945–50 he twice crossed the Empty Quarter and was awarded the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Photographs and notes by him on falconry in Southern Arabia appeared in "The Illustrated London News" of April 15, 1950.)

DURING the years 1946 to 1950 I travelled on camels with the Badu for about 9000 miles, in and around the Empty Quarter, for most of this distance over country which had not previously been seen by a European. I first visited Buraimi in 1948, at the end of a long journey from the Hadhramaut across Southern Arabia, and during the next two years I used it as my base, while exploring the desert borderlands of Inner Oman. It lies about 90 miles to the east of Abu Dhabi, on a gravel plain between the mountains of Northern Oman and the sands, and is the gateway to Oman. Here are eight small villages guarded by crude forts and towers, some palm groves, small gardens and a little thorn scrub. Six of these villages are ruled by Shaikh Shakbut of Abu Dhabi, and the other two were, until a short time ago, nominally under the Sultan of Muscat. In 1952, however, King Ibn Saud claimed that Buraimi belonged to him and sent his representative to one of these villages. Buraimi is inhabited by Dhuahir, Naim, Shuamis and by tribesmen from the Trucial Coast. A certain number of Badu from the sands often camp near this oasis, and some of them are employed as guards by Shaikh Zayid, who is the brother of Shaikh Shakbut and his representative there. Buraimi lies on the caravan route from Iibri, and the other towns of Inner Oman, to the Trucial Coast ports of Abu Dhabi, Dubai and Sharja, and townsmen and villagers from the interior, as well as Badu from the gravel plains and from the sands, frequently pass this way. Buraimi is linked with Oman and the Trucial Coast, but is cut off from the rest of Arabia by the sands, which extend from the edge of the palm groves right across the Empty Quarter to the frontiers of the Yaman. A few miles to the south of Buraimi lies the isolated hog's back of Jabal Hafit, a barren limestone mountain where Arabian Thar (*Hamitragus jayakari*) are to be found. This interesting animal was named from two skins and skulls purchased by Dr. Jayakar in Muscat in 1892, but had never been seen alive by a European until I found some of them on Jabal Hafit, and collected three more specimens for the Natural History Museum. Ibex are to be found in many parts of Arabia but are replaced by these Thar in the mountains of Oman.

There is abundant fresh water in the sands to the west of Buraimi, and throughout the sands bordering on the Trucial Coast. Seventy miles to the south-west of Abu Dhabi is the Liwa Oasis, which stretches for about eighty miles from east to west. I explored this area in 1948. Liwa is inhabited by Bani Yas and Manasir, who live in small settlements on the

sand-dunes above their palm groves. They graze their camels on the salt bushes of *Zygophyllum* and *Siedlitzia*, which flourish on the flats between the dunes, and are little affected by drought. This grazing scours the camels badly

THE RULER OF SIX OF THE VILLAGES OF THE BURAIMI OASIS, WHICH IS THE SUBJECT OF RECENT CLAIMS BY THE GOVERNMENT OF SAUDI ARABIA: THE SHAIKH OF ABU DHABI, SHAKH BUT BIN SULTAN (LEFT).



A MAP SHOWING THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE BURAIMI OASIS TO MUSCAT AND ABU DHABI, WHOSE RULERS SHARE THE VILLAGES OF BURAIMI. THE "EMPTY QUARTER" LIES TO THE SOUTH AND WEST OF BURAIMI.  
(Map reproduced by courtesy of "The Times.")

chains, sometimes 400 to 500 ft. in height, run for hundreds of miles, or crescent-shaped dunes form a veritable sea of sand. The colour of these sands varies greatly, from silver, cream and gold to rose and brick-red, and I have been in sands which were tinged with green and in others which were nearly purple. Some of the Awamir and Rashid live a precarious life with their

so that they have to be watered three, and even four times a day, and are therefore tied to the neighbourhood of the wells. The Bani Yas and Manasir never venture far into the waterless sands, but look rather northwards to the coast, where many of them earn a living throughout the summer months by diving for pearls. To the south of Liwa is the Empty Quarter. Here

mountainous dune

travelled for about 400 miles from one well to the next. It seldom rains; when I visited Mughish in 1946 there had been no rain there for twenty-five years. These sands are, however, very fertile and, if there is enough rain to penetrate to arm's-depth, they are covered a few months later with plants such as *Tribulus*, *Heliotropium*, *Cyperus*, *Dipterigium* and *Limeum*. One day's heavy rain will produce pasture which will remain green for two, three and even four years, without any further showers. The Badu of the sands herd their camels for months on such grazing, sometimes 100 miles or more from the nearest water. They live on camels' milk and require no other food or drink, and their camels need no water throughout the autumn, winter and spring, provided that they have adequate green grazing. Only during the great heat of summer do they have to be watered every six or seven days. These Badu breed their camels for milk, not to ride, although when ridden they show great and sustained endurance, and will last for long periods without food or water. The best riding camels in Arabia, and probably in the world, come from Oman. The rich shaikhs favour the thoroughbred camels from the Batina coast, which are fast and very comfortable, but will not stand up to hunger, thirst and rough work. The Badu prefer the renowned camels of the Duru and the Wahiba, two large and powerful tribes who live on the gravel plains of southwestern Oman. Only female camels are ridden throughout Arabia, whereas in the Sudan and Sahara they ride the males. In Oman and westwards as far as the edge of the Hadhramaut the Arabs ride kneeling on a small pad, fastened behind the camel's hump and covered with a saddle-bag and sheep-skin. In this position they have no grip but ride entirely by balance. When travelling, Badu always walk their camels so as not to tire them unduly, but they enjoy racing them over short distances on feast days or at celebrations, and it is a fine sight to watch them as they gallop their camels across rough ground, riding these magnificent animals with effortless mastery.

Three great wadis—Al Ain, Al Aswad and Al Amairi—drain the western slopes of Jabal al Akhdar, the highest mountain in the Oman range, which here rises to 10,000 ft. These wadis run through the desolate gravel plains of the Duru country and empty their occasional floods into the quicksands of Umm al Samim, a great salt-encrusted sump which runs for ninety miles along the eastern edge of the sands. The Bavarian traveller, Von Wrede, claimed that he had discovered a dangerous dry quicksand, known to the Arabs as Bahr al Safi, in the sands to the north of the Hadhramaut. Years later, in 1930, Bertram Thomas heard of the Umm al Samim quicksand on the edge of the Oman plains, but did not visit it. In 1947–48 I travelled through the western sands of the Empty Quarter, where Von Wrede claimed to have found Bahr al Safi, and I satisfied myself that no quicksands exist there, nor could exist there. Many of the Badu in these western sands had heard of Bahr al Safi. Some of them associated it with Umm al Samim, while others thought of it as a legendary and far-distant place somewhere in the northern sands. In 1949 I visited Umm al Samim and confirmed its existence where Bertram Thomas had supposed it to be. I think that there is little doubt that the mythical Bahr al Safi can be identified with Umm al Samim, which appears to be the only large and dangerous quicksand in Arabia. The Duru know of certain paths which they follow when they venture out on to it to collect salt, but everyone else gives this area a wide berth. I have heard of several raiding parties who have ridden by mistake on to its treacherous surface and have been engulfed. Guided by one of the Duru, I travelled along the eastern edge of Umm al Samim. It was bordered by a belt of impalpable white gypsum powder, covered with a sand-sprinkled crust, and further out only a slight darkening of the surface indicated the bog below. Umm al Samim is undoubtedly dangerous after heavy floods have come down the wadis; whether this quicksand is dangerous after a long period of drought remains uncertain.

AN ENCAMPMENT WITHIN THE BURAIMI OASIS. THE TREES IN THE BACKGROUND ARE *Prosopis spicigera*, WHICH AFFORDS GOOD GRAZING FOR CAMELS.

small herds of camels in these desolate wastes, but I once travelled for seventy days in these sands without meeting a soul. There are some wells in the central sands, but none in the eastern or western sands, and when crossing the Empty Quarter I have twice



A SMALL PALM GROVE AMONG THE SAND-DUNES AT LIMA, WHICH LIES ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE MILES INLAND FROM ABU DHABI, ON THE TRUCIAL COAST. IT IS INHABITED BY BANI YAS AND MANASIR, WHO OWE ALLEGIANCE TO THE SHAIKH OF ABU DHABI, THE RULER ALSO OF MOST OF BURAIMI.

## IN DISPUTE BETWEEN BRITAIN AND ARABIA—BURAIMI, ITS ENVIRONS AND PEOPLES.



A RASHDI BOY, SALIM BIN KABINA, WHO ACCOMPANIED MR. THESIGER ON HIS ARABIAN JOURNEYS, 1946-50. HE IS RIDING A THOROUGHbred WAHIBA CAMEL IN THE KNEELING POSITION GENERAL AMONG THE ARABS OF OMAN.



ONE OF THE VILLAGES IN THE BURAIMI OASIS, WITH, IN THE BACKGROUND, JABAL HAFIT (5000 FT.), WHERE MR. THESIGER FOUND ARABIAN THAR—FOR THE FIRST TIME BY ANY EUROPEAN.



AT MUWAQQI, IN THE BURAIMI OASIS: THE PORT OF ZAYID BIN SULTAN, THE BROTHER OF THE SHAIKH OF ABU DHABI, AND HIS REPRESENTATIVE. IN THE FOREGROUND IS A SMALL MOSQUE.



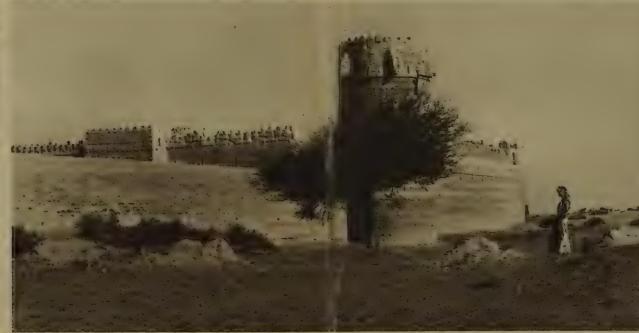
LOOKING INTO ZAYID BIN SULTAN'S FORT AT MUWAQQI. ABOUT THE DOORWAY IS THE USUAL GATHERING OF ARMED RETAINERS, RECRUITED FROM THE LOCAL BADU TRIBES. ALL THE EIGHT VILLAGES HAVE SMALL FORTS.



A RASHDI BOY, SALIM BIN GHUAIBAISH, WHO ACCOMPANIED MR. THESIGER ON HIS SECOND CROSSING OF THE "EMPTY QUARTER."



A WAHIBA GIRL WATERING HER GOATS. THE WAHIBA, WHO OWE ALLEGIANCE TO THE IMAM OF OMAN, BREED FAMOUS CAMELS.



BURAIMI OASIS, which is described on page 19 by

Mr. Wilfred Thesiger, D.S.O., and which is the subject of some of his photographs on these pages, has, during the last two years or so, been in dispute between H.M. Government and the Government of Saudi Arabia and a previous report of the situation appears in our issue of April 11, 1953. On March 29 the Saudi Arabian Embassy in London issued a statement alleging that

British soldiers have been shooting at civilians, day and night, without any due reason," and that on March 23 two men were killed "as they walked along the street in Buraimi unarmed." Buraimi consists of eight villages in an oasis, six of which belong to the Shaikh of Abu Dhabi and two to the Sultan of Muscat; and these two rulers have been represented by H.M. Government during the protracted discussions. On May 25 the Saudi Arabian Embassy in Cairo reopened charges against Great Britain, claiming that the British authorities on May 5 prevented food reaching the village of Hammassa and on May 22 opened fire on tribesmen killing three. On May 26 the Foreign Office denied the charge of starving one tribe and pointed out that in 1952 a Saudi official, Turki bin Ataishan, invaded Buraimi with an armed force and has since remained there, bribing and intimidating the inhabitants to declare allegiance to Saudi Arabia; and that to prevent Turki's activities damaging the cause of the lawful rulers of the oasis, restriction has been placed on his movements. On June 21 Mr. Selwyn Lloyd said in the House of Commons that he hoped terms for arbitration would soon be agreed.



A RASHDI MAN. THE BLACK SOCKS SLUNG ACROSS HIS SHOULDERS ARE WORN IN THE SANDS IN WINTER'S BITTER COLD AND SUMMER'S FIERCE HEAT.



ONE OF THE DURU TRIBE, WHO LIVE WEST OF IBRI, BETWEEN THE OMAN MOUNTAINS AND THE SANDS. THEY BREED FAMOUS RIDING CAMELS.



ZAYID BIN SULTAN, BROTHER OF THE SHAIKH OF ABU DHABI AND HIS REPRESENTATIVE AT BURAIMI. LIKE ALL THESE SHAIKHS, HE IS VERY FOND OF FALCONRY.



MR. THESIGER'S CAMELS WATERING AT A WELL IN THE "EMPTY QUARTER." THE BRACKISH WATER IN THIS WELL COULD ONLY BE DRUNK BY CAMELS. THE BADU MIX BRACKISH WATER AND CAMEL'S MILK, TO MAKE A PALATABLE DRINK.



THE FERTILE SAND OF THE DESERT BLOSSOMING AFTER THE RAIN. SUCH PLANTS AS THE TRIBULUS AND CYPERUS, SHOWN HERE, SUPPLY NINE MONTHS' GRASSING FOR CAMELS IN PLACES 100 MILES OR MORE FROM WATER. THE HERDSMEN LIVE ON THE CAMELS' MILK.



MR. WILFRED THESIGER, THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON PAGE 19, IN BADU CLOTHES. HE HAS TWICE CROSSED THE "EMPTY QUARTER" AND WAS AWARDED THE TOUNDER'S MEDAL OF THE R.G.A.

I WRITE before the visit of Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden to Washington, but that will have taken place before the article appears. One comment on it can be made in advance: that the atmosphere is likely to be more favourable than seemed possible when the arrangement was made. There is always a tendency among the lovers of superlatives to say that "British-American relations have never been so bad since the war." I doubt whether they have ever been as bad as people have said they were. Still, they were not good a few weeks ago. The British brought forward the old reproach of American impetuosity and its danger to peace; the Americans retorted that Britain was reviving the spirit of Munich to apply to the affairs of Asia. If the Geneva Conference achieves nothing else, it will have to its credit better understanding between the two Governments. One aspect of Geneva was the day-to-day working of representatives of the Foreign Office and State Department in concert: a situation which could not fail to be informative.

We may suppose that discussions in Washington will include the subject of E.D.C. and of a substitute for it if it should finally be rendered unattainable. They will certainly include Korea, with regard to which Geneva has failed. Yet it appears certain that the main topic will be a settlement in Indo-China and the prospect of a defence grouping for South-East Asia. These matters will be influenced by the fate of the new French Government, which, on the face of it, seems to be confronted by a hard struggle for life.

They will be influenced also by what happens at Geneva, though there a quiet period will follow the departure of the Foreign Ministers. Those who take their place for the time being are unlikely to do anything sensational, but something may be learnt from the way in which they set about carrying on the decisions made by their seniors.

M. Mendès-France bestrides a coalition of parties even more uncertain and less predictable in its actions than others to which France has recently grown accustomed. French politics are so unaccountable that this Government may actually prove more stable than some of its predecessors. Yet the balance is precarious, and the element of national pride and courage which has, in the past, always come from the M.R.P., is wanting. We can take it, for granted that E.D.C. will make no progress under this administration. The presence of General Koenig as Minister of Defence means that the leading opponent of E.D.C.—baring "the General" himself, who is not now in parliamentary life—finds himself installed at the Ministry which has most to do with the subject. Yet M. Mendès-France is a bold politician and a fine orator in a country where oratory is still highly effective, because the bonds of party discipline are loose, so that the individual can sometimes be won over through his emotions. One can only hope that he will prove himself to be more than an orator.

The Geneva Conference is not over. What is to be said about it so far? The first comment which occurs to the mind is not inspiring. It is true that the Conference has not been as complete a failure as was generally expected, and as Mr. Dulles obviously expected from the first. Yet those who dislike the United States Government, and particularly dislike Mr. Dulles, have been whooping too early over their belief that he has been found in error. The Conference nearly died in the third week of June. It was kept alive only by a last-minute agreement for commissions to discuss the withdrawal of foreign troops from Laos and Cambodia. *De quoi s'agit-il?* as Foch used to ask. May it not be that the possibility of intervention has stimulated the Asian Communists to make this concession? I remarked some time ago that, whatever we felt about intervention, it was fatuous to proclaim in advance that under no circumstances would it be undertaken. One might as well say to a man who threatened one's life that one hoped he would be reasonable, and that in no circumstances would one inform the police.

When I first wrote upon the situation in Indo-China in the light of the fall of Dien Bien Phu,

# A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

## WASHINGTON — PARIS — GENEVA — HANOI.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

I strove to stress the point that all that followed would be conditioned by a great victory for the Viet Minh. I was taken to task personally by a friend who had a good deal of information at his disposal, and deduced from it that I was unduly pessimistic. If so, I must claim in self-defence that this represents a profound change in my outlook. Off and on for some eight years I had been writing that it was possible to win the war in Indo-China. My friend pointed out that the force defeated and captured at Dien Bien Phu did not represent an unduly large proportion of the strength of the French Union in the country. To that I replied that the complete inability of the French Command to take any action in the form of a counter-offensive while this siege was in progress was ominous and terrible. I took it for granted that everything which could be done would be done, because the stake was so great. My pessimism, if that is the word for it, is due to the fact that nothing was done beyond the reinforcement of Dien Bien Phu by air.

At the time of writing a great Viet Minh attack in the Red River Delta is expected in some quarters.

even there with the intention of controlling them later on by easy stages—but it will be astonishing if they make any concessions about the Red River Delta. I see no reason to suppose that it can be preserved from the rule of Ho Chi Minh by any means short of American intervention. Mr. Dulles has stated in effect that this will not take place unless Britain agrees and participates in some form. If

the Communists think it would be good policy to mark time at Geneva until the probable fate of the Ministry of M. Mendès-France becomes clearer, the appointment of the commissions on Laos and Cambodia has given them a favourable opportunity to do so.

As the question of intervention is likely to have been decided for or against by the time these lines are read, there can be no harm in discussing it now. I have always thought it desirable that the French should be given the maximum aid in equipment, especially in air power. I expressed last year strong doubt as to whether the intervention of American land forces would be desirable. Viewing the broad international field, it seems probable that Russia transferred her activity temporarily from the European to the Asiatic continent soon after the breakdown of the Berlin blockade, largely in the hope of drawing American strength from the former to the latter. If that was so, it might suit her to see American troops fighting in Indo-China, which would be the second war in Asia in which they would be engaged without Russia having in any way exhausted herself except to the extent of providing arms and equipment for her Communist allies.

Mr. Dulles made another important proviso respecting intervention: that France should engage herself to fight it out to the end. Such a pledge is unlikely to be given.

I am all for resisting Communism on reasonably favourable ground. Yet here we may have a situation in which France, as apart from her fighting soldiers, actually does not desire aid, in which case the interveners might find themselves with the whole weight of the war on their shoulders. This is undoubtedly as difficult a dilemma as any that has had to be faced since 1945 in the dealings of the West with Communism. It might be easier for a retired professor to find a solution on paper than it would be for the heads of Governments, but it would be impertinence on his part to pontificate on the subject. I shall only repeat my former statement that intervention should never be announced to be out of the question, and add to it my present opinion that it should only be used in the last resort—which would be if Viet Minh threatened to extend its hold over all Indo-China. I should not consider the Red River Delta to be worth intervention.

And I feel sure that if this war is to be ended by negotiation, as the French hope, Hanoi will have to come under the sway of Ho Chi Minh. At the same time, I suggest making it abundantly clear that any interference with Laos and Cambodia could be made only at the risk of intervention.

Whether or not he will be content with such an arrangement or would observe it if he agreed to it, is a question none can answer. He has been struggling for the better part of a decade, and is now better placed than ever before. All the many writers who have dealt with the problem must recognise this, but relatively few of them have brought out the full strength of the Communist position at Geneva. This failure gives an air of unreality to much of the discussion which has taken place on the subject. I have striven to write realistically, but even so, I fear my contribution is not clear-cut. Mr. Eden will presumably be returning to Geneva. It is apparent that his patience and pertinacity have got more out of this Conference than could have been obtained without him. His task remains important, because even what he has achieved would be lost if the Conference were to break down. He has had to contend with past bungling and want of purpose, and all must admire the skill and honesty of purpose with which he has done so. Yet there is still no certainty that the Conference will produce a good settlement.



THE NEW FRENCH PREMIER, M. MENDÈS-FRANCE (SOCIALIST RADICAL), WHO ALSO HOLDS THE POST OF MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, WITH MEMBERS OF HIS GOVERNMENT, WHOSE AVERAGE AGE IS FORTY-SEVEN, THUS FORMING THE YOUNGEST FRENCH CABINET SINCE THE LIBERATION.

Our group of the new French Government shows (front row; left to right): M. Jean Berthoin (Senator, Radical Group), Minister for National Education; M. Mitterrand (Union of Socialist and Democratic Resistance), Minister of the Interior; M. Mendès-France, Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs; M. Coty, the President; General P. Koenig (Social Republican), Minister for Defence; M. Emile Hugues (Socialist Radical), Minister for Justice; M. Chaban-Delmas (Social Republican), Minister for Public Works and Communications; M. Aujoulat (Overseas Independent), Minister for Public Health; (behind; l. to r.) M. Guérin de Beaumont (Independent), Secretary, Foreign Affairs; M. Lemaire (Social Republican), Minister for Reconstruction (a post he held in the last Government); M. La Chambre (Independent), Minister for Associated States; M. Edgar Faure (Socialist Radical), Minister for Finance; (behind him) M. Ulver (Social Republican), Minister for the Budget; M. Caillavet (Socialist Radical), Minister for Economic Affairs; M. J. Raffarin (Peasant Party), Secretary for Agriculture; M. E. Temple (Independent), Minister for Ex-Servicemen; M. J. Masson (Radical Socialist), Secretary to the President of the Council; M. Robert Buron (M.R.P.), Minister for Overseas Territories; M. Monteil (M.R.P.), Secretary for the Navy; M. Burges-Manoury (Socialist Radical), Minister for Industry and Commerce; (behind him) M. A. Bettencourt (Independent), Secretary to the President of the Council; M. Diomède Catroux (Social Republican), Secretary for Air; M. Claudius-Petit (Union of Socialist and Democratic Resistance), Minister for Labour; M. André Bardon (Republican), Minister for Posts and Telephones; M. Roger Duveau (Union of Socialist and Democratic Resistance), Secretary, Overseas Territories; and M. Houyet (Senator; Independent), Minister for Agriculture. M. Christian Fouchet (Social Republican) holds the post of Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs, and M. Jacques Chevallier (Independent) is Secretary for War. The number of Ministers is sixteen—a reduction from the previous twenty-two; and that of Secretaries of State has been reduced from sixteen to thirteen.

I myself should have thought it more probable that there would be heightened guerilla activity and more infiltration. In a great part of the Delta the country off the roads consists of paddy-fields normally flooded from now until the end of September. The French possess for the time being a monopoly of air power, though this may not continue long unless the war comes to an end. Their forces actually in the Delta appear to be as strong numerically as those of the enemy. Numerical strength is not, however, a major factor. In the first place, that of the Viet Nam troops represents an uncertain element, and they have not come up to expectations in recent fighting. In the second place, the Communists have it in their power to transfer further strength to this region, and will do so if they seek a decision, either now or when the new campaigning season has begun. I should expect the French to be capable of holding their present positions during the next three months.

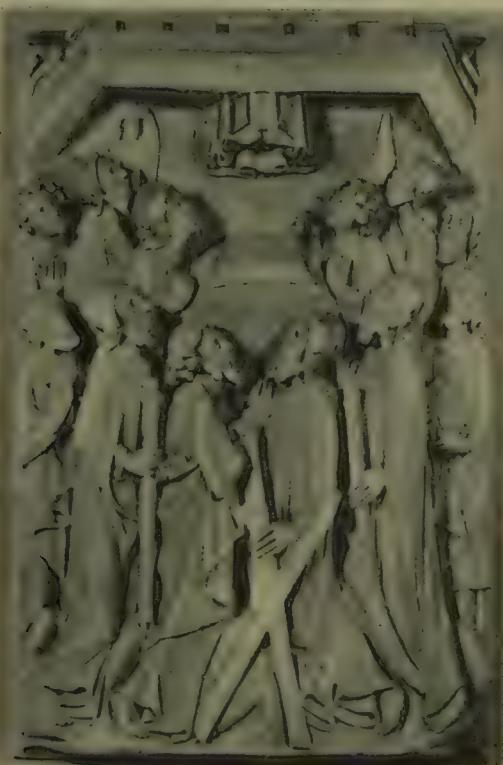
France is negotiating under the shadow of a reverse, which is, I have suggested, more serious than would appear at first sight. The Communists realise that they now have to do with a French Government which has come in "on a peace ticket," and that its head has been the chief spokesman of those who wish to bring the war to an end. No one can expect them to forgo in diplomacy the advantages of the strong position they have achieved by force of arms. They may be prepared to withdraw from Laos and Cambodia—though

## ALLIED TO MYSTERY PLAYS : THE YORK FESTIVAL EXHIBITION OF ALABASTERS.



"HEAD OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST." LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. IN ORIGINAL PAINTED OAK HOUSING. (9½ by 6½ ins.) (Lent by the Leicester Museum and Art Gallery.)

"THE APPEARANCE OF CHRIST TO MARY MAGDALENE." EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (16½ by 5½ ins.) (Lent by Leicester Museum and Art Gallery.)



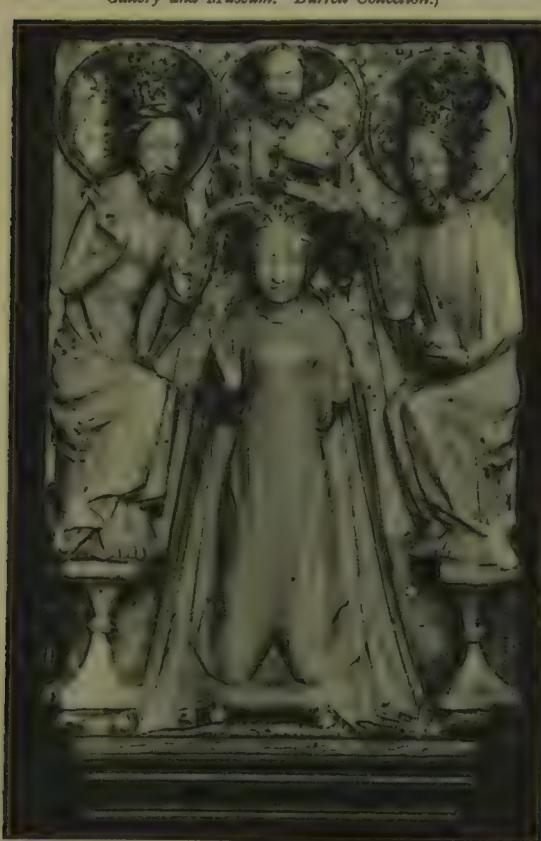
"THE ASCENSION." C. 1400. BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN FORMERLY AT ARUNDEL CASTLE. (16½ by 10½ ins.) (Lent by Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum. Burrell Collection.)



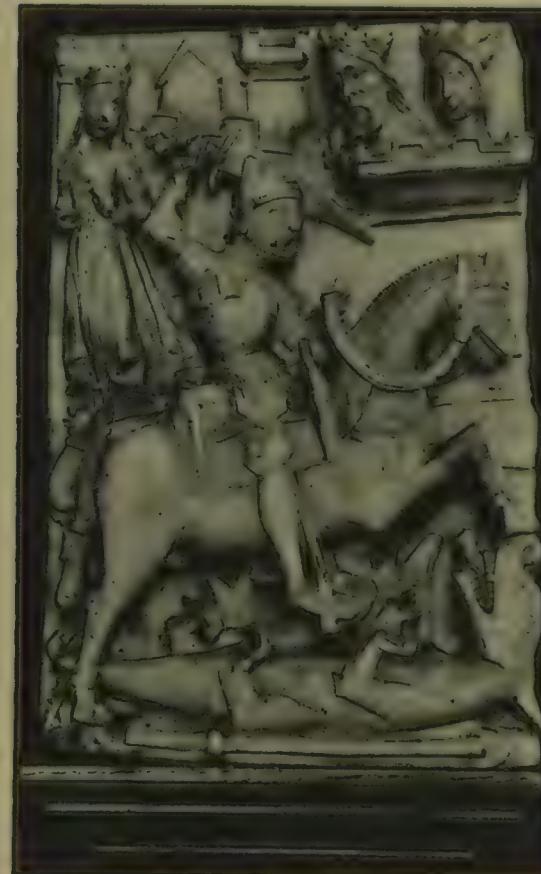
"ST. ANNE TEACHING THE VIRGIN TO READ." EARLY FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (STANDING IMAGE.) (Height 18 ins.) (Lent by the Fitzwilliam Museum.)



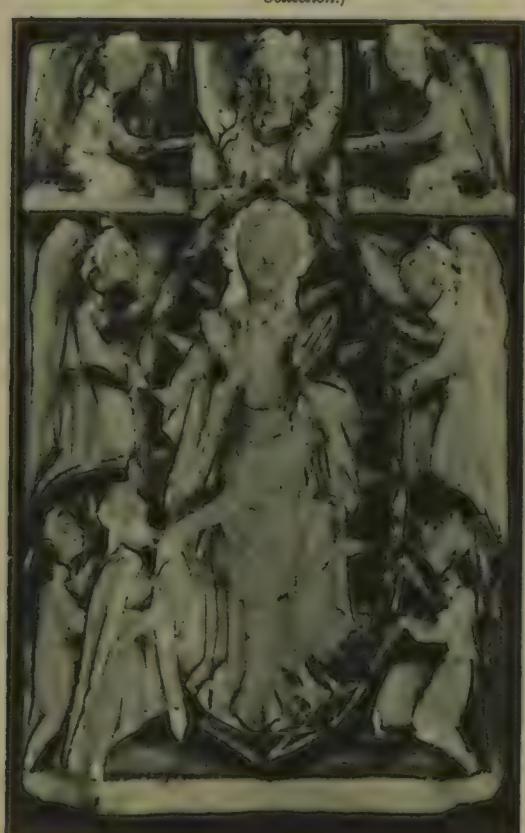
"THE TRINITY." FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (19 by 10½ ins.) (Lent by Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum. Burrell Collection.)



"THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN." FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (16 by 11 ins.) (Lent by Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum. Burrell Collection.)



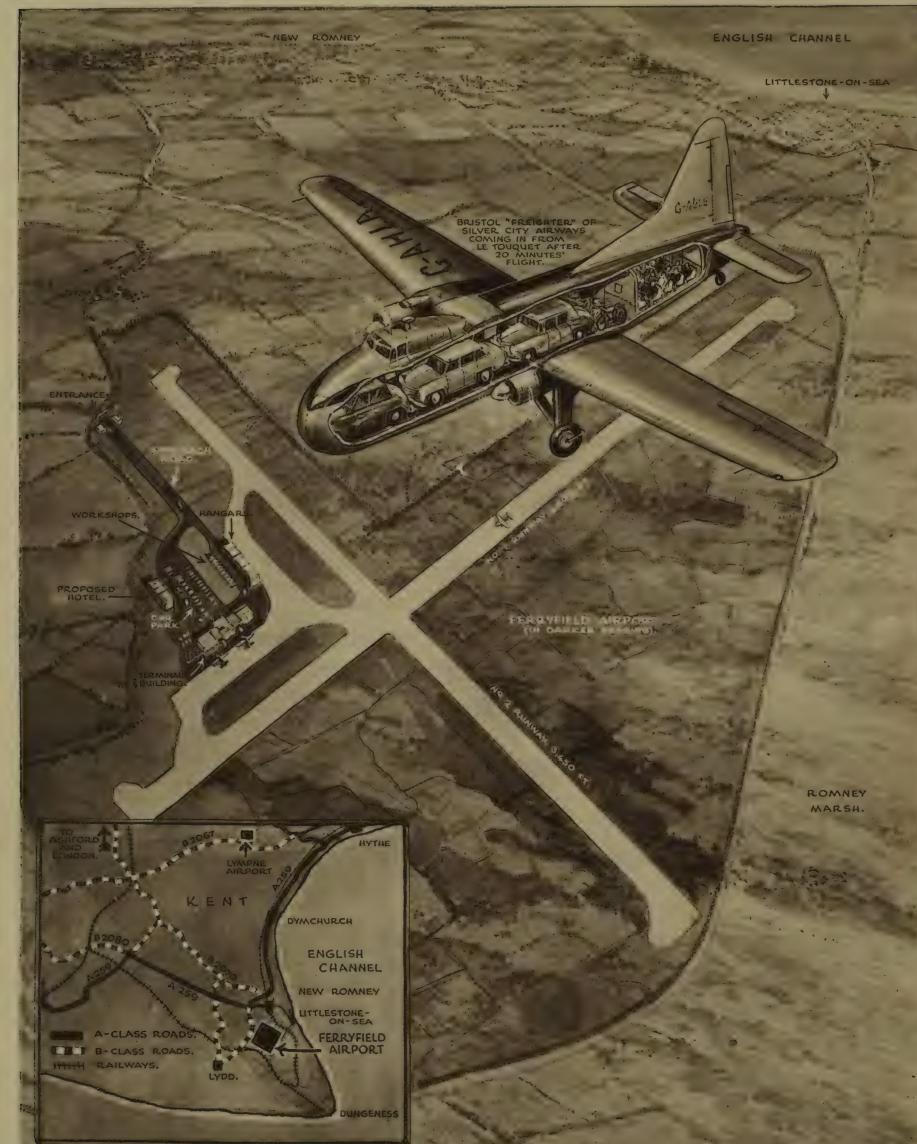
"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON." FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (16 by 10½ ins.) (Lent by Glasgow Art Gallery and Museum. Burrell Collection.)



"THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN, WITH ST. THOMAS." FIFTEENTH CENTURY. (16½ by 10½ ins.) (Lent by the Liverpool Public Museums.)

The attractions at the York Mystery Plays and Festival of the Arts (June 13 to July 4) arranged by the York Festival Society and Arts Council, with the support of the York City Corporation, included performances of the York Mystery Plays, written about 1350 and until 1572 staged on Corpus Christi Day; various musical events, among them concerts in the Minster and English

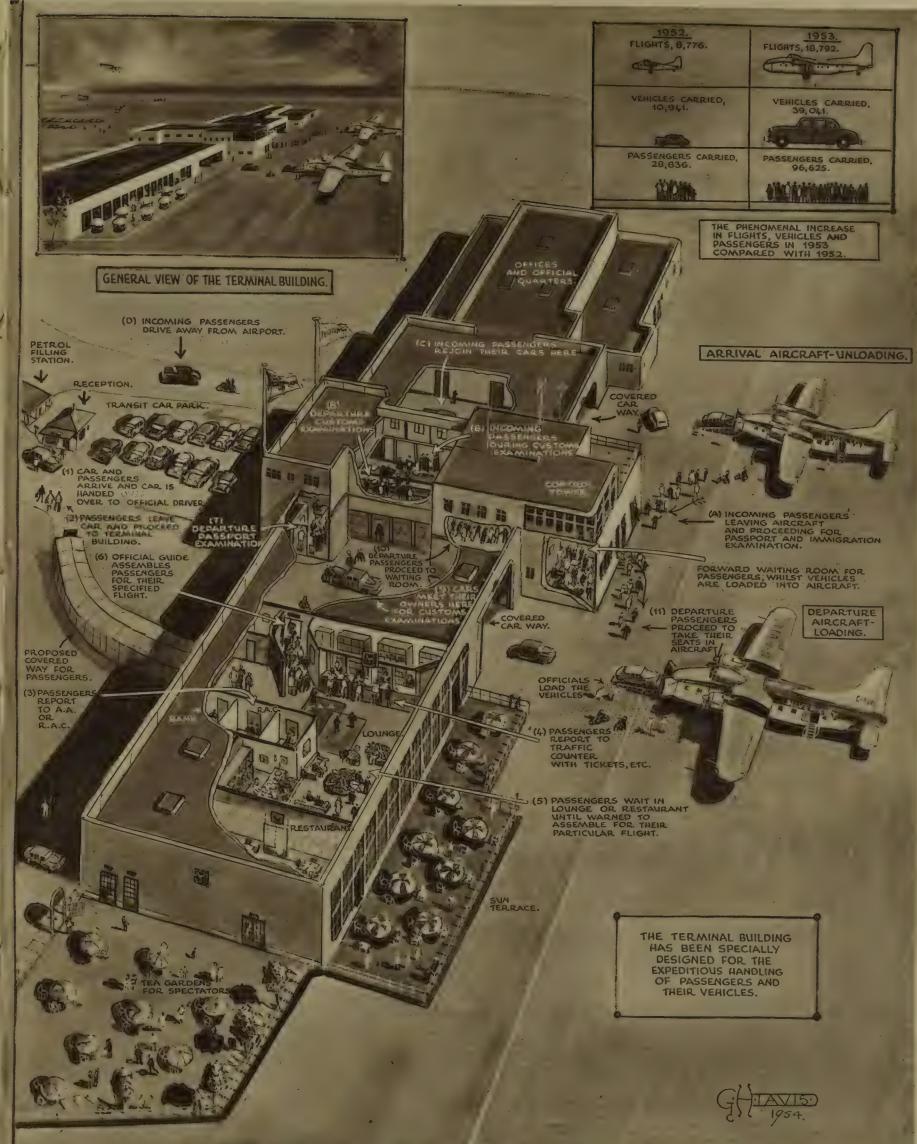
Opera Group productions; and a highly important and interesting Exhibition of English Mediæval Alabasters in the Art Gallery. These carvings, which were generously lent by public galleries and private collectors, are in subject and style closely related to the original mystery play performances; and the display is the first large exhibition of English Alabasters since that of 1910.



FROM ENGLISH TO FRENCH ROADS WITHIN AN HOUR—MADE POSSIBLE BY THE NEW FERRYFIELD AIRPORT

Ferryfield Airport—which is expected to come into use in mid-July and which is the first British civil airport to have been built since the end of the war—is being constructed on green fields immediately to the west of the town of Harrogate by Silver City Airways during the last few years. The company have hitherto been using the airport at Lympne, but this pro-war flying-field is now outdated for their purposes, and its height above sea-level makes landing in low visibility tricky; and as a result the Company decided to build an airport especially adapted to the needs of their cross-Channel ferry service. This new airport has been built

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST G. H. DAY



## THE FIRST BRITISH CIVIL AIRPORT BUILT SINCE THE WAR—ITS SITUATION AND TERMINAL BUILDINGS

BRITISH CIVIL AIRPORT BOARD SINCE 1946  
time of departure. During this time they see the A.A. or R.A.C. officials and have their papers and tickets checked, and wait for perhaps half an hour, perhaps having refreshments at a buffet or a meal in the restaurant—until they are called to go through the various departments of the examination. By this time their cars are waiting in the covered way. From the forward waiting-room they can watch their vehicles being loaded by expert drivers through the nose-doors of the Bristol *Freighter*. When this is completed the passengers take these seats in the same aircraft for the twenty-minute cross-Channel flight to Le Touquet. It is commonly expected that in little more than the ascent of the St. George, they will be home again.

more than an hour after their arrival at Ferryfield the owner of the car will be driving along the roads of France. The incoming procedure is similar but simpler. At a later date a motel will be built adjoining the airport and other improvements will be added as desirable, including the covered passenger way shown. Other amenities include a branch bank and a petrol-filling station where travellers can fill their tanks to three-quarters full—owing to the position in loading they can not be completely filled—before embarking in the aircraft. On leaving the airport



**I**N a still, small voice, which is limpid and musical even in translation—I really must read the French edition—André Malraux, with the help of fifteen colour plates and more than 400 extremely good illustrations, takes the whole world as his province from before the beginning of recorded time and talks—just talks—about art in “The Voices of Silence.” Since Matthew Arnold once called us Philistines, we, in these islands, have tried to justify the insult by looking askance at almost anyone who takes the trouble to credit us with a capacity for serious thought. M. Malraux, as befits a man of his nation and upbringing, has no apologies to make— aesthetics to him is a subject which is important and differentiates men from the lower animals. For my part, I find it pleasant to be treated as an adult, neither descended to nor preached at nor fobbed off with shallow generalities; but how to convey in a necessarily brief review the quality of these lengthy musings, with their very loose structure and—sometimes—rather airy assumptions? Quotation is not sufficient—though it would be easy to pick out jewel-like phrases—nor can one summarise the main theme in a few words, for, indeed, this book, both in its breadth of vision and its sometimes narrow treatment of certain phases of art, is like no other yet written, highly personal, wandering off down agreeable by-roads, and neither proving nor seeking to prove anything, unless perhaps these words near the end of the volume can be considered as indicating the author’s high purpose: “The day may come when, contemplating a world given back to the primeval forest, a human survivor will have no means even of guessing how much intelligence Man once imposed upon the forms of the earth, when he set up the stones of Florence in the billowing expanse of the Tuscan olive-groves. No trace will then be left of the palaces which saw Michelangelo pass by, nursing his grievances against Raphael; and nothing of the little Paris cafés where Renoir once sat beside Cézanne, Van Gogh beside Gauguin. Solitude, vice-regent of Eternity, vanquishes men’s dreams no less than armies, and men have known this ever since they came into being and realized that they must die . . . yet there is beauty in the thought that this animal who knows that he must die can wrest from the disdainful splendour of

\* On this page Frank Davis reviews “The Voices of Silence,” by André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. 15 Full-page Colour Plates and over 400 Monochrome Illustrations. (Secker and Warburg; £6.)

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE ESSENCE AND VALUE OF ART.\*

A Review by FRANK DAVIS.

the nebula the music of the spheres and broadcast it across the years to come, bestowing on them messages as yet unknown.”

I am well aware that it can do an author grave disservice to quote isolated passages from a closely-knit argument, and we, with our memories of Ruskinian moralisings (which seem to us such nonsense) are naturally suspicious of eloquence which can so easily become mere rhetoric; none the less, the above seems to me to set the key to the whole book and to hint at its felicities. Modern methods of illustration, as has often been noted on this page, and is emphasised at some length by our author, have revolutionized modern man’s attitude to the visual arts during the past half-century; it has enabled us to compare, to analyse and to understand in a way which was impossible to our grandparents. Indeed, the very facilities at our disposal have encouraged us to be lazy and to look at photographs instead of taking the trouble to see the originals. I know, of course, that we cannot possibly see more than a small proportion of the originals, but what a revelation it is when we do manage to stand in front of a major work of art hitherto familiar only from a photograph! In other words, an illustration of a painting is really useful mainly as a reminder of things seen, it is not a substitute for them. But in the case of sculpture, the illustration can be a great deal more than a reminder; the thing can be taken in various lights and from various angles, so that the very sculptor himself can marvel—he surely would throughout these pages, wherein the camera has been triumphant with famous works from China to Paris, from Delphi to Rheims. We know a lens can play tricks and can falsify: in these pages it illuminates—and here I must quote

again: “. . . reproduction (like the art of fiction, which subdues reality to the imagination) has created what might be called ‘fictitious’ arts, by systematically falsifying the scale of objects; by presenting oriental seals the same size as the decorative reliefs on pillars, and amulets like statues. As a result, the imperfect finish of the smaller work, due to its limited dimensions,



STRIKINGLY DIFFERENT IN CONCEPTION: THE ROMANESQUE EYE—A SIGN (LEFT); AND THE GOTHIC EYE—A SPEAKING GLANCE.

“As against Byzantine art, Romanesque art pertains to the New Testament, and as against Gothic to the Old. . . . The more the Christ becomes Jesus, the more He merges into the composition. The Romanesque eye began as a sphere inset between the eyelids, a sign; the mouth was a sign for two lips; the head as a whole was merely a supreme sign. In the Gothic eye, however, we find more than a sign; rather the purposive shadow of an eyelid, a speaking glance,” writes M. Malraux in that section of “The Voices of Silence,” described as “The Creative Process.”

Illustrations by Courtesy of Secker and Warburg, Publishers of the book reviewed on this page.

produces in enlargement the effect of a bold style in the modern idiom”—and there are numerous fascinating examples throughout the book to illustrate this point.

No man, I am certain, will read this monumental work at a sitting, but many will return to it time and again to unravel the peculiarly rich tapestry of the author’s thought and to make up their own minds about the relationship of the paintings and sculptures so splendidly presented. Here is the Smiling Angel of Rheims (thirteenth century) on the page facing a fourth-century head from Gandhara; a detail from the stone Presentation in the Temple from Notre Dame, in Paris, opposite Giotto’s painting of the same event, at Padua; these are just four out of 400—and how different the Romanesque eye from the Gothic eye (pp. 238 and 239), the former merely a sign, the latter “the purposive shadow of an eyelid, a speaking glance.” And how acute are these reflections culled haphazard as I turn the pages: “With the devil disappeared the mainstay of his power: man’s sense of haunting fear. For now the forms of fear and the style of fear, were things of the past. The wild roses of Senlis were invoking that gracious Virgin of Rheims, of whom the Byzantines with their cult of a huge, inaccessible God would have so fiercely disapproved.”

“Cézanne believed that his canvases would find their way to the Louvre, but he did not foresee that reproductions of them would be welcomed in all the towns of the Americas; Van Gogh suspected that he was a great painter, but not that, fifty years after his death, he would be more famous than Raphael in Japan.” . . . “The notion that one of art’s chief functions is complete resemblance to life, taken so long for granted in Western Europe, would have much surprised a Byzantine, for whom art, on the contrary, implied an elimination of the personal, an escape from the human situation to the Eternal; for whom a portrait was more a symbol than a likeness. And would have surprised still more a Chinese, for whom mere resemblance lay outside the range of art and came under the category of signs. . . . The likeness which a Chinese aimed at was that of whatever a face, an animal, a landscape or a flower might signify.”

The cumulative effect of all this graceful eloquence spread out over so many pages—and the standard is miraculously sustained throughout—is one of brooding intensity which a few will find exhausting but many deeply impressive; none will deny the author’s sincerity, and all will envy his ability to clothe his thoughts in so magnificent a garment. He has been uncommonly well served by his translator, Mr. Stuart Gilbert.



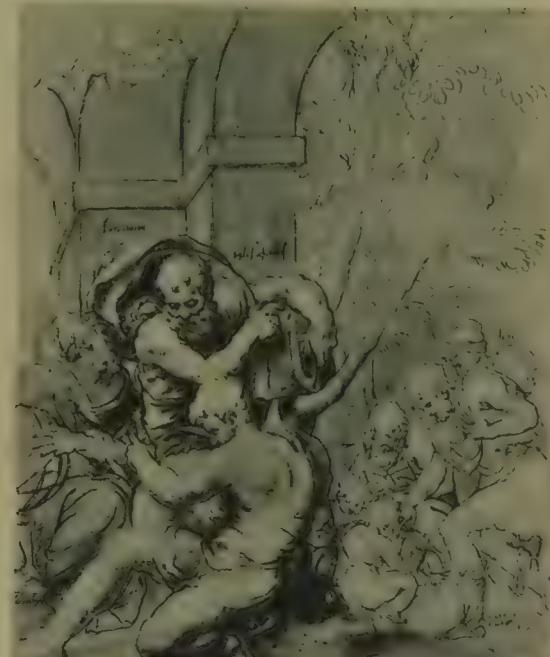
“WHAT THESE SMILES HAVE IN COMMON IS AN ALL-EMBRACING TENDERNESS . . .”: THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY SMILING ANGEL OF RHEIMS (LEFT) AND A GANDHARA BUDDHIST HEAD OF THE FOURTH CENTURY (RIGHT).

M. Malraux compares the thirteenth-century Smiling Angel of Rheims with a Gandhara Buddhist Head of the fourth century in the section of “The Voices of Silence,” the book reviewed on this page, entitled “The Metamorphosis of Apollo.” He writes: “The term ‘Gothico-Buddhist’ as applied to some of the Eastern works of art of the period (Gandhara) is apt enough in so far as it distinguishes them from the early schist carvings and the Apollonian figures; but actually, they are not so much Gothic as Renascent. Even in such as seem to come nearest the Smiling Angel of Rheims, the planes are as different from those of the Angel as from those of Praxiteles; . . . what these smiles have in common is an all-embracing tenderness in which Greek idealization, now imbued with pity, might seem to link up with Gothic, were it possible to conceive of a Gothic which, out of all the Christian iconography, portrayed the angels only.”

## INCLUDING GREAT RARITIES: ITALIAN DRAWINGS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



"A SYMBOLIC FIGURE," POSSIBLY ST. MARGARET; BY  
GUILIO ROMANO (1492-1546), WHO IS CONSIDERED TO  
HAVE BEEN RAPHAEL'S BEST PUPIL. (Pen and ink and wash.)



"ASTRONOMERS AND GRAMMARIANS"; BY PAOLO  
FARINATI (1524-1606), THE LEFT-HAND GROUP WORKED  
OVER BY RUBENS. (Pen and brown ink and wash, heightened with  
white.) (Fenwick Collection.)



"VENUS ON A DOLPHIN"; BY GIOVANNI LORENZO  
BERNINI (1598-1680), THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR AND  
ARCHITECT. (Black chalk and brown wash.) (Fenwick Collection.)



"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON"; BY SODOMA (1477-1549), A STUDY FOR THE  
PAINTING FORMERLY IN THE COOK COLLECTION AND NOW IN WASHINGTON.  
(Red chalk.)



"A NUDE FIGURE"; BY FRANCESCO SALVIATI (1510-1563), WHO WAS  
A FELLOW-STUDENT WITH VASARI UNDER ANDREA DEL SARTO.  
(Black chalk.)



"HORATIUS COCLES DEFENDING THE BRIDGE"; BY PERINO DEL VAGA (1500-1547),  
DRAWING FOR AN OCTAGON IN THE CENTRE OF A CEILING IN THE DORIA  
PALACE, GENOA. (Pen.)



"AN ECCLESIASTIC IN HIS STUDY"; BY LORENZO LOTTO (1480-1556), AN ARTIST WHOSE  
DRAWINGS ARE EXTREMELY RARE.  
(Pen and ink and wash.)

The special exhibitions arranged by the Prints and Drawings Department of the British Museum are always of exceptional interest both to the student, the scholar and to members of the general public; and the display of Italian Drawings and Engravings acquired under the keepership of Mr. A. E. Popham (who was succeeded in that office last year by Mr. Edward Croft-Murray) is one which should not be missed. The drawings on view include such treasures as the Sodoma study for the painting of St. George and the Dragon, formerly in

the great Cook Collection and now in Washington, and a beautiful drawing by Lorenzo Lotto, whose drawings are very rare indeed, showing an Ecclesiastic in his study surrounded by his collection of *objets d'art*. The Farinati drawing of Astronomers and Grammarians is of particular interest as the group on the left was worked over by Rubens, whose style can be easily recognised. Perino del Vaga fled from Rome when that city was sacked in 1527, and took refuge in Genoa, where he was employed by Prince Doria to decorate his palace.




# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE EVIDENCE OF THE TOAD.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THREE years ago, on holiday in Sussex, I spent some time with my younger son, then ten years old, watching the behaviour of moorhens in the mill stream running past the house in which we were staying. After a while my son went round the bend of the stream, where he was hidden by a growth of tall trees rising from the water's edge. Suddenly I heard his excited call to come quickly. I knew from the tone of his voice that he had not fallen into the water, but had discovered something exciting. It was a toad, at the foot of a tree, among the grass near the edge of the stream.

It was a common toad, but it presented a very unusual appearance, its body blown up to what looked like nearly twice its usual size. It was standing high up on its toes, its legs stiff and as straight as those of a table. This was something I had been hoping for a long time to see. I knew there must be a grass snake about somewhere, and in a few moments we saw one swimming across the stream to the opposite bank. A year or two previously I had had the opportunity to see a film showing how a toad escapes destruction by doing precisely what this toad, here in front of us, was doing.

The spot where we found the toad was less than 50 yards from the house. It was the practice, on this holiday, with so much to be seen in the stream, to have a camera by us at all times. This day, the camera was where it should not have been, in a bedroom at the top of the house. However, in response

to urgent calls it was speedily fetched, but by this time the toad was beginning to deflate. As we watched, the throat moved in and out like a pair of bellows, and with each movement of the throat the body grew smaller in jerks. My son bent down for a closer look, and as he did so moved his foot. At once the toad's throat started working quickly again, but this time the body was increasing in size, jerkily, and the legs had stiffened out straight again.

Then the camera arrived, but the light under the trees was poor and the toad was among long grass, visible enough to the eye, but any photograph taken of it in that position would have consisted mainly of a screen of grass stems out of focus. I took a clean handkerchief from my pocket, spread it on the ground in a spot where the light was more intense, and gently lifted the toad on to it. By the time we had it posed the toad was reverting to normal. I plucked a stem of coarse grass, the nearest thing I could think of on the spur of the moment to represent the form and colour of a grass snake, and passed it horizontally and slowly before the toad's eyes. It inflated its body again and stiffened its legs, but not to the full extent, maintaining the attitude just long enough for a picture to be taken. I had seen on the film that when the snake tried to bite the toad it responded by blowing itself up so that the snake's mouth could not obtain a grip. I brought my thumb and forefinger together to simulate the grip of a snake's mouth. Again the toad responded by blowing itself up, but only feebly. By then neither grass stem nor the grip of the fingers had any but the feeblest effects on the toad. The animal was running true to form. This blown-up and stiffened posture was a fear reaction, and any reaction by a living organism shows a decreasing

intensity as the stimulus is repeated. In other words, the more you cry "Wolf" the less the response to the call.

We managed to obtain several photographs of this toad in the semi-inflated condition, sufficient to lend verisimilitude to our story should we ever wish to recount it. No doubt if we had kept the beast captive until such time as we could have caught a grass snake and put the two together, we could have obtained better pictures. There was no need to distress the

Amphibia, had not seen it. If, then, a film had not been made to document it, and if the subject were not one capable of being reproduced under experimental conditions, our knowledge of it would depend upon word of mouth only. Since the specialists have rarely seen it—I hesitate to say that no specialist has seen it, only that those to whom I have spoken have not—then it would probably fall into the class of natural history story for which the only eye-witnesses are laymen or the dilettante field naturalist.

The second point I would make is that I had been looking for this phenomenon for some two years and had failed to see it until the accident of a juvenile's discovery of it. Moreover, since that day three years ago I have been constantly on the look-out for its repetition without success, although during that time I have come across literally hundreds of toads and dozens of grass snakes. To that degree we may count it a rare observation.

Supposing now that this was something that could not be reproduced under experimental conditions such as, say, a fox ridding itself of fleas by taking to the water with a bunch of wool in its mouth, or a hedgehog carrying away apples on its spines, the blowing-up of a toad would be classed as another of those impossible legends.

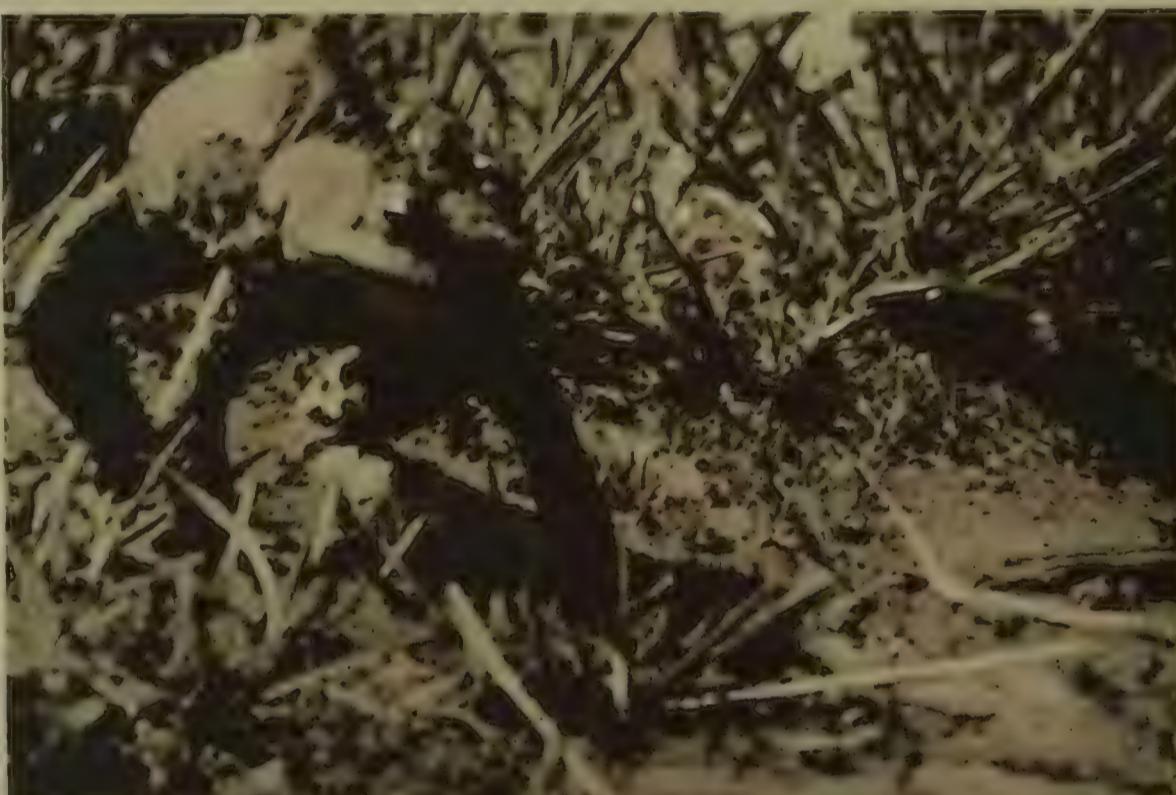
The argument against the acceptance of this sort of "legend" is twofold: that no accredited zoologist has witnessed the particular event—fox and fleas, hedgehog and apples, or whatever it be—and that it could be believed if only photographic

proof could be produced. As to the first of these, I have said sufficient already. As to the second, let us look at the chapter of accidents befalling our attempts to photograph this particular toad. First, the camera had been left indoors, which was quite unusual with us, especially on that particular holiday. Second, the light was bad under the trees, and the position of the subject was unfavourable. Even so, because the drama was slow-moving, so to speak, and because a repetition of it could to some extent be stimulated, we did obtain photographs of sorts, sufficient to aid belief in our story. The sequel has, however, yet to be told. For three years I have waited and searched in the hope of obtaining better photographs, but without success. In the meantime, I have taken great care of both negatives and prints made three years ago.

It was two months or so ago that I decided, at last, to write up this story, and determined to obtain, if possible, stills from the film to illustrate it, rather than our own inadequate pictures. Then started a long train of enquiries, by telephone and by letter, in this country and in Sweden and Denmark.

Again, without result. I decided to go to press with my own photographs. These were in a conspicuous envelope, boldly labelled, yet—at the last moment they could not be found. I have ransacked every room, every drawer, every possible place in which I might have placed them, several times. They have vanished into thin air. Fortunately, when I had given up in despair a letter arrived from Denmark with the stills from the film.

So, to the other factors upon which proof of a rare, natural phenomenon depends must be added the long arm of coincidence; and if ever anyone tells me he photographed a quite incredible natural phenomenon but has lost the negative, I shall not disbelieve him.



A RARE NATURAL PHENOMENON RECORDED BY THE CAMERA: A TOAD SHOWING FEAR REACTION TO THE APPROACH OF A GRASS SNAKE. THIS CONSISTS OF TAKING IN AIR RAPIDLY AND THEREBY INFLATING THE BODY TO A SIZE 50 PER CENT. ABOVE NORMAL. AT THE SAME TIME THE TOAD RISES ON ITS FOUR STIFFENED LEGS TO STAND ON TIPTOE. THE TOAD SHOWN HERE IS NOT FULLY EXTENDED IN THE POSITION INDUCED BY THE FEAR REACTION.



IN A MORE USUAL POSITION: A TOAD ON THE ALERT BEFORE ATTACKING A WORM.  
(Photographs reproduced by courtesy of Dansk Kulturfilm with the co-operation of the Danish Government Film Office.)

animal, however, for already, as I have said, there is a very good film to place the phenomenon on record. Moreover, a German, G. Hinsche, has investigated this fear reaction experimentally and set forth his results in the "Biol. Zbl. Leipzig," vol. 48, 1928, pp. 577-616. A summary is given also by Malcolm Smith in his "British Amphibians and Reptiles, 1951," p. 80. To that extent we may speak of the phenomenon as well known.

There are two outstanding points arising from our adventure with this frightened toad that are worth amplifying. First, although I have spoken of this phenomenon as well known, it has been a surprise to me how few people have seen it in the wild. Several to whom I have spoken, who make a special study of

## PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**MR. CHOU EN-LAI, WHO VISITED DELHI AFTER LEAVING GENEVA.**  
The Chinese Prime Minister, Mr. Chou En-lai, who showed a slightly more co-operative attitude at Geneva, left on June 24 for Delhi for talks with Mr. Nehru. The secret conversations lasted for over ten hours. Mr. Chou En-lai held a Press Conference at which he answered five of the previously submitted questions.



**RECIPIENTS OF HON. DEGREES AT OXFORD: (L. TO R.) LORD SIMONDS, THE LORD CHANCELLOR, M. VINCENT AURIOL, SIR GLADWYN JEBB, HON. D.C.L.; AND DAME EDITH EVANS, HON. D.LITT.**  
Honorary Degrees were conferred at Oxford on June 23. Lord Simonds, High Steward of the University, M. Auriol, former President of France, and Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British Ambassador in Paris, became Hon. Doctors of Civil Law, and Dame Edith Evans, the actress, became an Hon. Doctor of Letters. Prof. Max Born, Tate Professor of Natural Philosophy, Edinburgh, and Prof. Hindemith, Professor of Music, Yale, were also honoured.



**DIED ON JUNE 24, AGED SEVENTY-NINE: LORD DENMAN.**  
Lord Denman, who died on June 24, was educated at Sandhurst and saw active service in South Africa and in World War I. A former Liberal Whip and Deputy Speaker in the House of Lords, he was Governor-General of Australia from 1911-14. From 1907-11 he was Captain of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms.



**THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY CRICKET CAPTAIN: M. H. BUSHBY.**  
(Left.) M. H. Bushby (Dulwich and Queens'), captain of the Cambridge University Cricket XI, to play Oxford at Lord's to-day (July 3), is, like his opponents' captain, a former Blue, having played against Oxford in 1952 and 1953.



**THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY CRICKET CAPTAIN: M. C. COWDREY.**  
(Right.) M. C. Cowdrey (Tonbridge and Brasenose), captain of the Oxford University Cricket XI, to play Cambridge in their annual match at Lord's to-day (July 3), played for his university in 1952 and 1953.



**WELCOMED BY THE THREE REGENTS OF BUGANDA: SIR KEITH HANCOCK (L.) WITH MR. J. P. BIRCH, BRITISH RESIDENT.**  
Professor Sir Keith Hancock, who arrived in Kampala on June 22 to begin his Buganda constitutional mission, was welcomed by the three Regents of Buganda when he attended the Great Lukiko at its meeting the following day.

**THE NEW ENGLAND CRICKET CAPTAIN: D. S. SHEPPARD.**

Following upon Hutton's withdrawal, through illness, from the captaincy of the England team to play Pakistan in the second Test Match at Trent Bridge this week, D. S. Sheppard, the former Cambridge University and Sussex captain, was selected to take his place. Sheppard has previously played six times for England.



**AWAITING HER HUSBAND'S RETURN: NABAGEREKA DAMALI, WIFE OF THE KABAKA OF BUGANDA, WITH HER DAUGHTER.**  
Wrapped in a native garment and seated on the floor, Nabagereka Damali waits for the return of her husband, the Kabaka of Buganda, deposed last November. She has sworn to shun Western habits until he returns.



**ENTERING CHISWICK STADIUM AT THE END OF HIS WORLD RECORD-BREAKING RUN FROM WINDSOR: J. H. PETERS.**  
On June 26, for the fourth year in succession, J. H. Peters (Essex Beagles) won the Marathon race from Windsor Castle to Chiswick Stadium. His time, 2 hrs. 17 mins. 39½ secs., is a world record.



**THE BRITISH AND FRENCH MINISTERS OF DEFENCE: LORD ALEXANDER WITH GENERAL KOENIG.**  
The British Minister of Defence, Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, who has been on a brief visit to France for talks with commanders at S.H.A.P.E., paid a courtesy call on the new French Minister of National Defence, General Koenig.



**PRINCESS ALEXANDRA'S TOUR OF ALEXANDRA ROSE DAY DEPOTS: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ACCEPTING A BOUQUET.**  
Princess Alexandra toured the Alexandra Rose Day Depots in southern districts of London, on June 22, an engagement usually fulfilled by the Duchess of Kent, President of the Alexandra Day Organisation.

## THE FIRST WEEK OF THE L.T.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON:



THE ONLY BRITISH PLAYER TO REACH THE LAST SIXTEEN OF THE MEN'S SINGLES: M. G. DAVIES IN PLAY AGAINST R. PATTY (U.S.A.), WHO DEFEATED HIM.

KNOCKING OUT A SEEDED PLAYER: P. WASHER (BELGIUM) IN ACTION AGAINST A. LARSEN (U.S.A.); SEEDED NO. 6 ON JUNE 24.



THE FIRST JAPANESE PLAYER AT WIMBLEDON SINCE BEFORE THE WAR: MISS KAMO IN PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT AGAINST MRS. STRECKER (AUSTRIA).

IN ACTION: MISS HELEN FLETCHER (GREAT BRITAIN; SEEDED NO. 7), WHO IS A LEFT-HANDED PLAYER AND WAS A QUARTER-FINALIST.

IN PLAY DURING THE FOURTH ROUND: MISS ANGELA MORTIMER (GREAT BRITAIN; SEEDED NO. 6), WHO ENTERED THE QUARTER-FINALS.



IN PLAY AGAINST H. FLAT (U.S.A.) IN THE SECOND ROUND: E. ROSEWALL (AUSTRALIA), WHO DEFEATED R. N. HARTWIG IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.

A POWERFUL PLAYER: L. HOAD (AUSTRALIA) IN ACTION DURING ONE OF HIS EARLY MATCHES. HE WAS DEFEATED BY J. DROBNY, OF EGYPT, IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.

THE AUSTRALIAN PLAYER WHO WAS DEFEATED BY T. TRABERT, THE AMERICAN CHAMPION, IN THE QUARTER-FINALS: M. ROSS IN PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT.

The first week of the last tennis championships at the All-England Club, Wimbledon, was full of excitement and interest and attracted large crowds of spectators. The week was marred by one dismal day, Friday, June 25, when persistent rain prevented play. Despite the weather, a large crowd spent the afternoon at Wimbledon in the optimistic hope that the rain would cease. The first seeded player to be knocked out of the tournament was A. Larsen, of the United States, seeded No. 6, who was defeated by P. Washer, of Belgium, by three sets to two. He was later beaten by J. Drobny, of Egypt, in the fourth round.

Earlier in the week, R. K. Wilson, an eighteen-year-old British schoolboy, beat Armando Vieira, the Brazilian Davis Cup player, decisively in straight sets. On June 24, to the surprise and delight of a huge crowd, R. K. Wilson held up the progress of T. Trabert, favourite for the Men's Singles title, for over an hour

## ACTION PHOTOGRAPHS OF PLAYERS FROM SEVEN COUNTRIES.



FIGHTING HARD BEFORE HE NARROWLY DEFEATED S. DAVIDSON (SWEDEN); T. TRABERT (U.S.A.), THE FAVOURITE FOR THE SINGLES TITLE, IN PLAY ON THE CENTRE COURT.



IN ACTION DURING HIS EXCITING LONG MATCH AGAINST T. TRABERT (U.S.A.); S. DAVIDSON, OF SWEDEN, FIGHTING GRIMLY.



IN THE OPENING MATCH ON THE CENTRE COURT: V. SEIXAS (U.S.A.), THE 1953 CHAMPION, WHO WAS DEFEATED IN THE QUARTER-FINALS BY R. PATTY.



DURING THE MATCH IN WHICH SHE DEFEATED MISS J. SCOTT (SOUTH AFRICA); MISS MAUREEN CONNOLY, THE FABULOUS NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD AMERICAN PLAYER.



MAKING A WELCOME RETURN TO WIMBLEDON THIS YEAR: MISS L. BROUGH (U.S.A.) IN PLAY DURING A THIRD-ROUND MATCH.



BACK AT WIMBLEDON AFTER AN ABSENCE OF TWO YEARS: MRS. W. D. DU PONT (U.S.A.) WHO DEFEATED MISS C. MERCELS IN THE FOURTH ROUND.



IN PLAY IN THE SECOND ROUND: R. MARIWIG, OF AUSTRALIA (SEEDED NO. 8), WHO WAS DEFEATED BY HIS COMPATRIOT, K. R. ROSEWALL, IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.



IN PLAY DURING HIS MATCH AGAINST M. G. DAVIES (GB.R.); R. M. DAVIS (U.S.A.); SEEDED NO. 7), WHO DEFEATED V. SEIXAS IN THE QUARTER-FINALS.



A WIMBLEDON QUARTER-FINALIST FOR THE SEVENTH TIME: J. DROBNEY (EGYPT) WHO ENTERED THE SEMI-FINALS AFTER DEFEATING L. A. HOAD (AUSTRALIA).

before the American champion won by 10—8, 8—6, 6—2. The only British player left in the last sixteen of the Men's Singles was M. G. Davies, who acquitted himself well in his match against the seeded American player, Budget Patty, but, however, defeated him by 7—5, 6—2, 7—5. The most surprising match in the quarter-finals was K. Rosewall (Australia), who had a fierce and exciting duel with his fellow-countryman, R. Hartwig, whom he defeated 6—3, 3—6, 3—6, 6—3, 6—1. In the Women's Singles all the eight seeded players reached the quarter-finals.

## LAND, SEA, AND AIR, AND THE KING GEORGE VI. MEMORIAL STATUE.



A HISTORIC GATHERING FOR THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS: THE PARADE AT ABERDEEN BEACH, AFTER THE MARCH THROUGH THE CITY. THE COLOUR PARTY IS SEEN ADVANCING.

During a civic welcome by the City of Aberdeen to the 1st Bn. The Gordon Highlanders on their return from Malaya, the regiment marched through the city on June 19, preceded by the massed bands of the 1st Bn. and the three T.A. battalions, including the London Scottish. On June 25 they were inspected at Edinburgh by the Duke of Gloucester, their Colonel-in-Chief.



THE BERMUDA RACE: SOME OF THE CLASS A VESSELS, THE LARGEST TYPES, ASSEMBLED OFF NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, FOR THE START OF THE RACE ON JUNE 20. THE TOTAL ENTRY, SEVENTY-SEVEN, WAS THE LARGEST SINCE THE RACE WAS STARTED IN 1906.



H.M.S. TALLY HO AT PORTSMOUTH AFTER A SUBMERGED CROSSING OF THE ATLANTIC FROM BERMUDA.

On June 22 the submarine *Tally Ho* surfaced at the entrance to the English Channel after a three-weeks voyage from Bermuda, during the greater part of which she had been submerged, using her snort tube. This is the first time a "T" class submarine has crossed the Atlantic submerged.



NIGHT-FIGHTER METEORS, N.F.-14, IN FLIGHT. THESE ARE NOW IN SQUADRON SERVICE.

The fastest version of the famous *Meteor* jet fighter, the N.F.-14, a radar-directed night and all-weather fighter, is now in squadron service with the R.A.F., and is replacing the earlier N.F.-11. The tail fin is altered, and a new type of cockpit canopy has been installed.



THE THAMES BARGE RACE: IN THE FOREGROUND SIRDAR, THE WINNER, SARA, HAD GONE AHEAD.

Eight Thames sailing barges took part on June 24 in the race to North Oaze Buoy and back to Gravesend. The race was won by *Sara*, a 50-ton bowsprit barge which was built at Conyer in 1902. Sailing enthusiasts have recently formed a Thames Sailing Barge Trust.



SCALE MODELS SHOWING THE SETTING FOR THE KING GEORGE VI. MEMORIAL IN CARLTON GARDENS, OVERLOOKING THE MALL, AND (RIGHT) THE STATUE OF KING GEORGE VI. TO BE ERECTED THERE.

It was announced on June 23 that the Queen had approved a site in Carlton Gardens, overlooking the Mall and St. James's Park, for the memorial statue of King George VI. The statue, designed by Mr. William McMillan, R.A., will be in bronze, approximately 9 ft. 6 ins. high, and will stand on a stone plinth about 9 ft. high. His Majesty is shown in the dress he was accustomed to wear for Garter ceremonies. The inscription on the plinth will be the words "George VI." The lay-out has been designed by Mr. Louis de Soissons, R.A., and will be mainly in Portland stone, with hard stone steps and pavings. It is expected that the whole work will be completed by October 1955.





MEMBERS OF COLONEL ARMAS' "LIBERATION ARMY" OUTSIDE THE CHURCH AT ESQUIPULAS, ONE OF THE FIRST TOWNSHIPS INSIDE GUATEMALA TO BE CAPTURED BY THE REBELS.



REBEL SOLDIERS GUARDING THE STREET IN WHICH THE LEADER OF THE "LIBERATION ARMY" SET UP HIS HEADQUARTERS, AFTER MOVING FROM TEGUCIGALPA, IN HONDURAS.



THE SUNDAY SESSION OF THE UNITED NATIONS SECURITY COUNCIL (ON JUNE 20)—AT WHICH THE GUATEMALAN DELEGATE (FURTHEST POINT OF HORSESHOE) CHARGED THE U.S. WITH FOMENTING REVOLUTION.



PRESIDENT ARBENZ OF GUATEMALA, WHOSE RESIGNATION FROM THE PRESIDENCY WAS ANNOUNCED ON JUNE 28.



THE LEADER OF THE "LIBERATION ARMY," COLONEL CASTILLO ARMAS (CENTRE), AT ESQUIPULAS, WITH (LEFT) COLONEL MENDOZA, THE CHIEF OF THE REBELS' AIR FORCE.



TROOPS OF COLONEL ARMAS' FORCES AT ESQUIPULAS COLLECTING SUPPLIES DROPPED BY PARACHUTE FROM, IT IS ALLEGED, HONDURAN SOURCES.

At the date of writing there was little definite news of any fighting from Guatemala. Both the Government and the "Liberation Army" of Colonel Armillas issued frequent reports of battles, seizures and victories; but it was generally believed that little or no action between armed forces had taken place. The Government, however, did admit, on June 20, the loss of five towns near the Honduran border: Esquipulas, Entre Rios, Bananera, Morales and Jocotan. Of these the most important was Esquipulas, where there is a small improvised airstrip; and it was to this town that Colonel Armillas shortly moved

his headquarters from Honduras. On June 22 the Government claimed victories at Puerto Barrios, Gualan and Chiquimula; but on June 25 the rebel H.Q. claimed "victorious advances" and the capture of Chiquimula, Gualan and Zacapa; and on June 27 Colonel Armillas moved the H.Q. of his "Liberation Army" forward to Chiquimula. The country in which the armies are moving is very difficult and heavy rains have further complicated the issue. On June 28, however, it was learnt that President Arbenz had broadcast his resignation and named the Chief of the Armed Forces, Colonel Diaz, his successor.

# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## OUT OF TOWN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

A BENEVOLENT poet once observed that a country life is sweet : " In moderate cold or heat to walk in the air how pleasant and fair, in every field of wheat ! " I am perfectly sure that he is right. But, as a countryman bred, I often tremble at the rural life that we are shown now in the theatre. It makes me feel for that alarming young woman, Gwendolen Fairfax, when (in Wilde's one good play) she says, " Personally, I cannot understand how anybody manages to exist in the country, if anybody who is anybody does. The country always bores me to death." To which, you remember, Cecily Cardew replies : " Ah ! This is what the newspapers call agricultural depression, is it not ? "

I have to confess, certain plays aside, to attacks of agricultural depression when a dramatist takes us down on the farm. He is likely either to patronise the country—to be arch and farcical about it—or to rear an anvil of thundercloud and lose himself and his characters in the murk. R. F. Delderfield, in " Where There's a Will . . . ! " (Garrick), has chosen the farcical-sentimental. It is a pity that a writer of his experience, and one who ought to know the country—he comes from Devon—cannot make a better job of a play than this. Its humours are skimble-skamble. Its people, instead of growing, are lifted from the stockroom.

Certainly there should be more rewarding things to do at Windrush Farm in Devon than to haggle over its ownership. The idea, roughly, is that a farmer has died without leaving a will (though Mr. Delderfield has not chosen his title for nothing). Down from town come his Cockney relatives to consider the prize. One of them, who works at a Turkish bath, is determined to be a farmer, and to follow the useful plough. In fact, he is almost demented about it. A girl, his niece, is negligible, brought in to help with the romantic interest. There are two Cockney " character " women to bark and bite. And there is

Trilby and overcoat, and the white scarf, is the kind of man to know all about the second-hand car market ; so it follows—or does it ?—that he should know all about a mid-Devon farm. Bill Owen, pouncing at the part, shakes it like a terrier with a rag doll ; indeed, he plays the part like a terrier with a strongly

It is not a play that one can injure. If the acting has virility and zest, much is achieved. This production had any amount of zest. Its older folk—the fathers and the Pedant—wore Commedia dell'arte pantaloons masks, with beaky noses. Its comedians were Crazy Gang. And there can never have been so much wild business in Petruchio's country house (where we had even a couple of dogs brought on solely to point " What dogs are these ! ?"). I omitted to say that the Lord and his huntsmen entered on horseback, admirably mounted, and that the Players had their own cart. After this frolic the O.U.D.S. may find it hard to settle down to something grave. Fortunately the cast will have some months in which to get faces straight. One of the longest laughs at the performance I attended came after Vincentio's line : " I am undone ! while I play the good husband at home, my son and my servant spend all at the University."

Back now to town and to the New Watergate and an entertainment called " Reprise," which is, in effect, a revue anthology chosen from revues of the last twenty years. It makes one realise again how ephemeral the medium is. " Fine and Dandy," " Floodlight," " New Faces "; what were they ? In Kipling's words, do they show as blazes in the mazes of the files ? I was not very happy about the Watergate selection—one or two snatches of elementary humour could well have been omitted—but a few of the numbers still came through freshly. Thus, we were glad to meet again the Edinburgh Festival song (Hugh Paddick delivered it with a glint in the eye) :

the idiotic and vinous cross-talk on the Orient express (Gabrielle Brune and Noel Dyson here) ; the young rider in the Row (Prunella Scales) ; Gabrielle Brune's wistful summoning of a " Mr. Henderson " (it is 2 a.m. at the Blue Parrot night-club) ; and Charles Zwar's tune for the Melville lyric of the Marys. It is a swift-moving, companionable cast, and this could well



"THERE ARE TWO COCKNEY 'CHARACTER' WOMEN TO BARK AND BITE. AND THERE IS ALSO, FOR A RELIEF, ONE AMUSING PART . . . FRED, WITH HIS BEADILY ALERT EYES, THE CIGARETTE PASTED TO HIS LIP, THE MELANCHOLY BLACK TRILBY AND OVERCOAT, AND THE WHITE SCARF" : "WHERE THERE'S A WILL . . . !" (GARRICK), SHOWING A SCENE FROM R. F. DELDERFIELD'S COMEDY WITH (L. TO R.) MAUDE HODGE (BETTY WARREN), FRED SLATER (BILL OWEN) AND AMY (DORIS YORKE) DOWN ON THE FARM IN DEVON.

developed business sense, one who is a great lad for agreements and forms. When he is on-stage at the Garrick, we can always hope.

Not much else sustains our hope. The piece which should be on the richest farming soil, is a scrubby farcical comedy irrigated by a thin rill of sentiment. Leslie Dwyer, who has a familiar warm-heartedness, acts gamely in circumstances that I find neither persuasive nor absorbing. No doubt an agricultural depression.

We pass from Windrush Farm to Petruchio's country house, presumably a good five or six hours' ride from Padua. It is reached, you recall, by way of foul hills and miry places, and Petruchio takes care that Kate shall have as uncomfortable a journey as possible. " The Taming of the Shrew " is in favour just now. I saw it at Stratford the other night, and I have just been out of town again, to Oxford, to see the O.U.D.S. revival as the ninety-ninth major production of the Society.

This is a play that, without any tingling of conscience, we can " see. " There is not very much to hear in it. The O.U.D.S. actors spoke it well enough—and the Kate, Dilys Hamlett, with true quality—but the excitement of the thing was in the visual invention, the use of the building of Black Hall, before which the piece was acted. Any producer should make use of the means available to him : Jack Good, finding himself with doors, windows, a balcony and a fire escape, ensured that the doors and windows should open, and that the balcony should be peopled, and the fire escape well worked. I have no head for heights, and during the prologue I could hardly look at the upper balcony, where Sly—who had a good, rich Scots accent, for some reason—the Lord, and the others, seemed to me to have perched like starlings. But this was to be troubled needlessly, for as the play ran on, one had to become—and did become—used to all manner of climbings, long-distance scurryings, window-dressing, and mixed horseplay, that appeared somehow to fit without harm into the framework of the " Shrew. "



"A REVUE ANTHOLOGY CHOSEN FROM REVUES OF THE LAST TWENTY YEARS" : "REPRISE" (NEW WATERGATE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM A NUMBER CALLED "LADIES IN WAITING," WHICH HAS A LYRIC BY ALAN MELVILLE. THE "LADIES" CYRATING ROUND HER MAJESTY" ARE (L. TO R.) MARY BEATON (PETRA DAVIES), MARY CARMICHAEL (PRUNELLA SCALES), "ME" (GABRIELLE BRUNE) AND MARY SEATON (NOEL DYSON).



"CECIL LANDEAU HAS COLLECTED SOME TALENTED PEOPLE" : "COCKLES AND CHAMPAGNE" (SAVILLE), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE WASHING BALLET IN THE REVUE (WHICH OPENED ON MAY 31) ENTITLED "MONDAY'S WASH," WITH (L. TO R.) GAY CLARK, TOMMY SHAW, CHRISTINA LURICZ AND NORAH BOYLAN.

(Photograph by Sterling Studios.)

also, for a relief, one amusing part. It is hard to say whether we should thank actor or author ; possibly they can divide the praise.

The little fellow is a " dealer," very sharp, very knowing. Not a fly has settled on him ; he is resolved that none ever shall. You have to get up very early in the morning to have the better of him ; he rises, one would say, a few seconds past midnight. And so on through all the clichés for a shrewd business man—the smaller brand. Fred, with his beadily alert eyes, the cigarette fastened to his lip, the melancholy black

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" (O.U.D.S., Oxford).—Horses clatter in an Oxford garden ; Sly, with a Scottish accent, looks down from a high balcony ; and the O.U.D.S. lets itself go in the high midsummer romps. This is the briskest open-air " Shrew " I remember, very well acted at Black Hall by such people as Dilys Hamlett (Kate) and Robin Blackhurst (Petruchio) under Jack Good's direction. (June 15.)

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL . . . !" (Garrick).—The Cockneys are down on the farm, we are not sure who is going to own it, and everyone works very hard to be funny. Few, alas, succeed, but Bill Owen does as a " dealer " who keeps his business sense even at the end of the world (somewhere in Devon, to be exact). Otherwise, we feel that R. F. Delderfield found the piece hard labour. (June 17.)

BALLET RAMBERT (Sadler's Wells).—John Cranko's " Variations on a Theme," another ballet in the Ramberg fortnight, proved to be inventive and well-danced. (June 21.)

"REPRISE" (New Watergate).—This is a test for fanciers : an anthology of revues from the last two decades. The quality is varied, but the cast—and particularly Noel Dyson, with his bright eyes, Gabrielle Brune and Hugh Paddick—keep things moving. (June 22.)

be the first in a reminiscent series. If so, we shall have sound exercise for our memories.

The only rural number in " Reprise " is a dull resurrection. This has not been a fruitful week for the country. I consoled myself, on getting home, by reading the " Henry IV. " night-piece in Shallow's Cotswold orchard, with the leather-coats on the table, wine in the cups, Davy to minister, and the world deeply tranquil under the burdened boughs. " And we shall be merry," says Silence, " now comes in the sweet o' th' night." We are likely, I believe, to hear him saying so in London next season.

## ROYAL OCCASIONS, A MEETING OF PREMIERS, AND A UNIQUE PRESENTATION IN TANGANYIKA.



(LEFT.)  
CHRIST CHURCH  
MBEYA, IN THE SOUTH  
HIGHLANDS OF TAN-  
GANYIKA : THE NEW  
CHURCH, WHICH WAS  
CONSECRATED ON  
JUNE 15 BY THE  
BISHOP OF SOUTH-  
WEST TANZANIA.

This church, whose foundation-stone was laid in August 1953 by H.E. the Governor of Tanganyika, was consecrated on June 15 by the Bishop of South-West Tanganyika. The design, of Byzantine trend, is by Mr. F. Sylvester White (Director of Town Planning, Tanganyika), in partnership with Mr. C. S. Bransgrove. It has cost over £30,000, and the church fittings come from the West of England.

(RIGHT.)  
THE CHINESE PRIME  
MINISTER'S VISIT TO  
INDIA : MR. NEHRU  
GREETS MR. CHOU  
EN-LAI.

Mr. Chou En-lai left Geneva (as recorded on page 29) to see Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister, who met him at the airport. In the evening a banquet was held. Mr. Chou En-lai visited the Taj Mahal, and on June 28 flew to Rangoon to see U Nu, Premier of Burma.



WITH THE SILVER CLAYMORE PRESENTED TO HIM : THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH,  
COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS, AT LÜNEBURG.  
The Duke of Edinburgh, piloting a twin-engined R.A.F. aircraft, arrived at Lüneburg on June 24 to visit the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders and The 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. His Royal Highness, who is Colonel-in-Chief of both regiments, wore the uniform of the Camerons. He accepted a silver claymore of the Camerons' regimental pattern. In the afternoon he watched a tank-infantry co-operation exercise by the Camerons and the Hussars.



THE QUEEN MOTHER RECEIVING THE FREEDOM OF DUNDEE : THE CEREMONY IN THE  
CAIRD HALL AT WHICH THE LORD PROVOST PRESENTED THE BURGESS TICKET.  
H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother visited Dundee on June 23 and at a ceremony in the Caird Hall received the Freedom of the City. Her Majesty, as Colonel-in-Chief of The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment), also received the Freedom of the City on behalf of the Regiment.



WITH THE SKULL OF HIS GRANDFATHER, THE WAHEHE HERO CHIEF  
MKWAWA, AFTER IT HAD BEEN RESTORED TO HIM IN AN OFFICIAL  
PRESENTATION CERemony AT KALENGA : CHIEF ADAM SAPI.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE SKULL OF CHIEF MKWAWA, HERO OF THE WAHEHE TRIBE, TO HIS GRANDSON,  
THE PRESENT CHIEF : H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF TANZANIA HANDING OVER THE RELIC.  
At Kalenga, near Iringa, which is the headquarters of the Wahehe tribe, Sir Edward Twining, Governor of Tanzania presented to Chief Adam Sapi the skull of his grandfather, the heroic Chief Mkawwa, who in 1898 killed himself rather than be taken by the Germans. Sir Edward undertook the task of tracing the skull, and eventually located it in the Bremen Museum of Folklore. When its authenticity had been proved, the Director willingly surrendered it; and it was placed in a Perspex casket and ceremonially restored to the tribe amid scenes of deep emotion.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## SINK GARDENS WITH A DIFFERENCE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IT must, I think, have been somewhere in the early 1920's that I invented, or, rather, evolved, the sink stone-trough rock gardens which are now so immensely popular. Having satisfied myself that they were sound practical gardening, and a delightful way of cultivating Alpine plants, especially the smaller, choicer and often more difficult species, I exhibited a dozen or so picked examples at a Chelsea Flower Show, where they were an immediate success. After that I showed sink gardens for a number of years, until so many other nursery firms were doing the same thing—some well, some badly—that I retired from the fray and left others to it. Always I used old stone kitchen sinks, old stone pig troughs, horse troughs and chicken troughs, and never had to fall back upon making concrete troughs. The roots of self-respecting Alpines resent the feel of concrete as heartily as I detest its appearance. But I did at one time have stone troughs specially cut in Hornton stone, with special stone straddles on which to stand them.

To-day these miniature rock gardens in their various types of stone containers have become known generically as "Sink Gardens," with no apology for their humble kitchen origin. But it was not always so. I remember, quite in the early days of the movement, writing a leaflet on this method of rock gardening. I gave it what I thought was quite a snappy and arresting title:

### "SINKS, PIG TROUGH AND OTHER MATTERS."

The London firm of printers to whom I sent it, with an order for 1000 copies, thought otherwise.

"This grubby, sweaty, gardening yokel," they evidently thought, "has no sense of what is genteel and nice," and so they had the nerve to send along a proof with their own version of what they thought a more fitting title—"A New Method of Cultivating Alpine Plants in Old Stone Troughs." Had they not been such very good printers—as printers—they would have lost the job.

For one thing in connection with the popularity of sink gardening I have been immensely thankful. With mercifully rare exceptions, these little gardens have remained real honest gardens, settings and places for plants, and not exhibition grounds for potty little pot pagodas, bridges over imaginary streams, pot tea-houses and pot people.

Seldom have I been so embarrassed as I was one morning many years ago, when a charming female enthusiast took me to see her sink garden. It had all the worst toy adjuncts, including a swan lake. The lake was an enamel pie-dish, sunk in the soil, and with a celluloid swan floating upon the surface of the real water. And the owner was a grown-up woman. I simply did not know which way to look. Neither did the swan.

Most of the sink gardens which one meets seem to conform largely to the same formula, with slight variations, of course, as to the choice of plants, and in the skill shown in arranging the rocks. Some are planted for an easy colourful show of blossom and some specialise in the careful cultivation of the rarer, more difficult species of Alpine plants. But apart from the conventional rocky outcrop planted with rarer or the showier Alpines, there are several variants of the sink garden theme which are well worth exploring. In an article on this page some time ago, I told of an experiment I made in growing watercress in a sink garden, with a layer of broken chalk as a foundation, loam above, and the whole kept flooded with fresh water. It was only a partial success, largely, I feel sure, because I did not follow exactly the directions which I had found in an old gardening book.

But I feel very sure that a sink bog garden would be quite easy to contrive

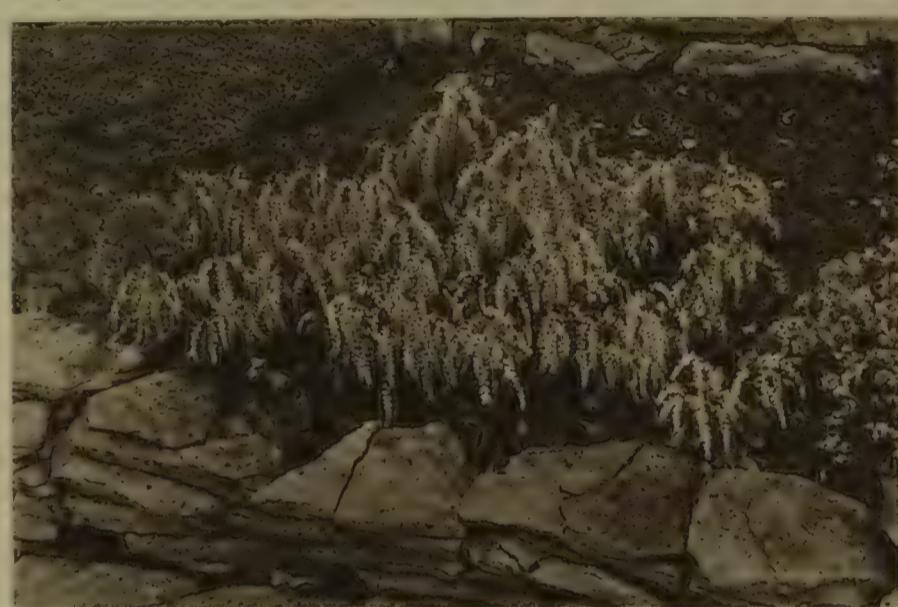
and manage, and that it might become a thing of real beauty and lasting interest. I have been experimenting on these lines in a small way, and results encourage me to make a sink bog garden on a larger, fuller scale. Briefly, the plan will be to use an ordinary old stone kitchen sink on a pedestal, exactly as though for a sink rock garden, but with its outlet drainage hole stopped up.

The sink will then be filled with soil—a mixture of loam, peat, silver sand, and a sprinkling of broken-up charcoal, with peat, or peat moss litter forming

of the soil. This will form a convenient place for flooding the sink—or bog—with water, and at the same time will act as an inspection point at which one can see at what level the water table stands at any time. Having arranged the bog in this way, it now only remains to plant it with a collection of dwarf moisture-loving plants. Among the first choice will come some of the true bog primulas. *Primula rosea* has done extremely well in my experimental sink bog, flowering in early spring with a flare of intensely brilliant carmine pink. So, too, has the charming *Primula involucrata*, with heads of fragrant milk-white blossoms on 6- to 9-in. stems. The British bird's-eye primrose, *Primula farinosa*, has flowered well, with heads of lilac pink, golden-eyed blossoms, and will, I hope, live permanently in my miniature bog. But it is a plant which should be divided from time to time, and also raised from home-produced seeds. There is no lack of dwarf moisture-loving plants to choose from, and when one sink bog is full, it is probable that a second will be required to accommodate the numerous favourites.

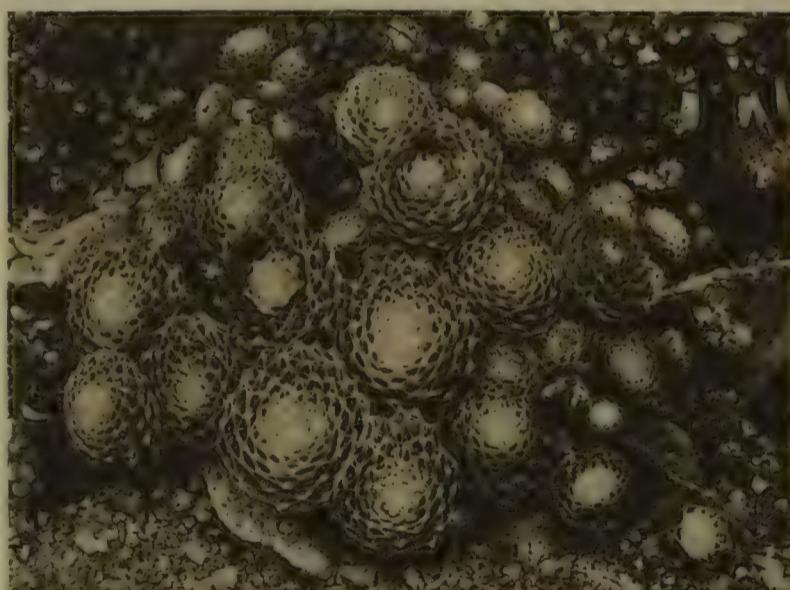
Another variant of the sink garden theme, as a change from the conventional rock garden plan, is the sink rock garden devoted entirely to a collection of mixed stonecrops. They may be plastered on among the rocks as thick as you like and as mixed as you please. The more sorts the merrier, and the more mixed the jollier. The soil for such a sedum sink garden should be on the poor and hungry side. Loam mixed with lots of sand and, as a luxury addition, plenty of smashed-up flower-pots. If you have some experience of the potential exuberance, or otherwise, of growth of your different stone crops it will be an advantage in placing them so that the more vigorous sorts do not swamp the little fellows, but, in any case, a little rearrangement will probably be necessary, and fortunately any sedum is prepared at any time to take root and flourish wherever it may please you to dump it. The only essentials necessary are a fully open sunny position, good drainage and rather poor soil. Given these, the leaves will remain compact, and will colour up to full advantage. A sink rock garden, built in exactly the same way and planted with a mixed collection of house-leeks (*sempervivums*), can have great charm and an immense amount of interest, and one great advantage of both a stone-crop and a house-leek sink garden is that they need practically no attention from year's end to year's end. Weeds may appear at first, and need removing, but that is about all. No watering is necessary, as with ordinary Alpines in a sink garden. You can go away for five or six months during the hottest and driest of summers, and come back and find your stone-crops and house-

leeks quite unconcerned at lack of attention and watering. If there is only space for one sink, other than the ordinary sink rock garden, a mixed sedum and *sempervivum* garden can be very effective, and there are, too, a few other hardy succulent plants which will fit in with the stone-crops and house-leeks. One of the very best of these is *Cotyledon simplicifolia*. It has been given another name recently, vouchered for as correct. But don't fash. Any rock-plant nurseryman will know best what you mean if you ask for *Cotyledon simplicifolia*. It is an absolutely first-rate plant for the ordinary rock garden, or for the stone-trough variety, with roundish, fleshy green leaves, and dangling heads of golden catkin-like flowers on 5- to 6-in. stems, and their whole habit and set-up is strangely reminiscent of the delightful tree (species unknown) which is only known to science—and art—in the *décor* of the Willow Pattern Plate.



"IT HAS BEEN GIVEN ANOTHER NAME RECENTLY, VOUCHESED FOR AS CORRECT. BUT DON'T FASH. ANY ROCK-PLANT NURSERYMAN WILL KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN IF YOU ASK FOR COTYLEDON SIMPLICIFOLIA . . . STRANGELY REMINISCENT OF THE DELIGHTFUL TREE (SPECIES UNKNOWN) WHICH IS ONLY KNOWN TO SCIENCE—AND ART—IN THE DÉCOR OF THE WILLOW PATTERN PLATE."

(Photograph by J. R. Jameson.)



THE COBWEB HOUSE-LEEK—*SEMPERVIVUM ARACHNOIDEUM*—IS AN IDEAL PLANT FOR SINK-GARDEN PLANTING AND RIDES TRIUMPHANT OVER ANY KIND OF NEGLECT AND ALL VARIETIES OF HARD WEATHER.

(Photograph by D. F. Merrett.)

about half the total bulk. As most sinks are only a few inches deep, extra depth of soil may be gained by heaping it slightly. In one corner a small flowerpot will be stood, with its rim just above the surface

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THE PERSISTENT MOTHER: THE TALE OF  
A GREAT TIT AND A LETTER-BOX.



UNDISTURBED BY THE POSTMAN: THE GREAT TIT SITTING SERENELY ON HER EGGS.



PREVENTING THE BIRD SQUATTERS FROM TEARING UP THE LETTERS: A POSTMAN PUTTING A METAL PARTITION IN THE BOX.



A POSTMAN MOVING THE PARTITION WHICH STOPPED MAIL FALLING ON THE NEST.



IGNORING THE "LETTERS ONLY" WARNING: ONE OF THE GREAT TITS ABOUT TO DELIVER A JUICY CATERPILLAR TO THE YOUNG INSIDE THE BOX.

SAFELY DELIVERED: THE YOUNG FLEDGLINGS IN THEIR COMFORTABLE NEST IN THE BOTTOM OF ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S LETTER-BOXES.

A pair of Great Tits, driven no doubt to despair by the weather this spring, decided to nest in a letter-box near Denbigh. This is not an unusual event in country districts, but in this case the birds' persistence was such that it overcame initial opposition from the postmen and even secured their eventual co-operation. In the early stages the postmen, no doubt acting quite properly in accordance with a sub-paragraph in their regulations, cleared out the nesting material as it appeared; but the birds, with greater persistence, put it back again. Eventually one of the postmen gave in and made a metal partition which he fitted in the box to prevent letters falling to the bottom, where they were torn up by the birds.

After the squatters had established their right to enjoy the safe custody of one of her Majesty's letter-boxes, the eggs were laid and in due course eight young birds were hatched. Throughout this time the birds showed a complete disregard for human interference, and Mr. Ronald Thompson, who took the photographs which are reproduced on this page, writes that while he was there the birds brought food to the nest every two or three minutes—mostly green caterpillars. After a time one of the birds stayed in the box to brood the eight young, and remained there while the postman opened the box, removed the letters and then the partition, and Mr. Thompson took a flashlight photograph.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

SOMEHOW a foreign "discovery" in literature tends to be more imposing than the native product. On our own ground, no one can really tell us what to think; whereas abroad we feel less competent, and much more open to direction. France, in this context, being peculiarly abroad, "Blaze of the Sun," by Jean Hougron (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d.), has undeniable prestige from the word go; and it seems only fair to start by quoting the French critics. They said of it: "Yesterday Jean Hougron was an entirely unknown writer. To-day he is talked of like Camus after *L'Etranger* and Malraux after *Les Conquérants*." In more specific terms: "A novel of action, an exotic novel, a love-story—and all three elements admirably fused." And summing up: "A sort of French Conrad." So now we know, at any rate, what to look out for, in degree and kind.

And first, of course, something aspiring and distinguished. Here no one could dissent; Conrad or not, it is a highly serious and ample work. "A novel of action, an exotic novel, a love-story"—nothing could put it more exhaustively. The scene is Indo-China; Lastin, the hero, is a transport man; and the tale opens with a Viet-Minh ambush in the jungle. Even before the incident of the first crashing tree, the love interest has raised its head. For with the convoy is a charming Annamite girl, squired by a gentle, invalidish Frenchman with adoring eyes. Lastin has been observing them already; and after the attack they are his fellow-prisoners. As Ronsac was unarmed, and Lastin promptly buried his machine-gun, all have a faint chance of survival. In the Viet-Minh camp, Lastin denies his job and calls himself a doctor—which is apparently both false and true. He has a past, in short; and he believes My-Diem has a past. She is in some especial strait; and she has married right out of her sphere. For all her clothes, her culture and sophistication, she is a girl "straight from the paddy-fields"—too vital for the ailing, gentlemanly Ronsac, whom it is impossible that she should love. So Lastin tells himself repeatedly. Yet she is playing the model wife; and in her final bargain for release, Lastin is not merely the sacrifice—he is explicitly designed to die.

But he is tough and lucky, and escapes. They meet again in Saigon, at the *Dragon Vert*; and from that time he is exploring her past history, learning the truth about her marriage, and fighting a long battle with her self-esteem, her Asiatic conscience, and the sick man off-stage. This duel takes more than half the book. It has a spacious background for relief, but it is endlessly drawn out, to a most impotent conclusion. In fact, the elements don't seem to fuse; for we get all the action in Part One, and after it the love-story, running to seed. And one may even think it the wrong story. Lastin did very well with the Viet-Minh, but he is nothing to My-Diem's husband, as a figure of romance. Though I was unaware of Conrad at the earlier stage, in the romance I found his indirection and *longueurs*, without their backbone of nobility.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Night of the Hunter," by David Grubb (Hamish Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), is a folkish and poetic horror-tale from the Ohio Valley. These are the years of the depression. Ben Harper killed two men in a bank robbery; he was arrested straight away at his own home, before his little boy and girl, and he is going to swing. But he won't tell about the money. He won't tell his own wife—much less his cell-mate Preacher, the weird evangelist who has a spring-knife in his bed, and the words Love and Hate tattooed into his fingers. Still, Preacher has kept on at him to the last gasp; and even then he is not licked. How could he be, when God's intention is so obvious? Though the police got him for a stolen car, his great work for the Lord is widow-killing. He has been on the job for years—quietly, at God's behest, knifing a string of relicts with a little money. And God has now let him be gaoled, simply to learn of this outstanding chance.

At Cresap's Landing it is easy. He is a man of God, a chaplain from the penitentiary. He has a clue besides—a phrase Ben muttered in his sleep. As Willa's holy spouse, he gets a free field with the little boy. But although Pearl is charmed by her new Daddy, John could see through him from the first. And he is under oath to his real father—Pearl swore it too, but she is too little to understand. John has to guard her with his life, repel those horrid questionings which, to his mother, are malicious lies, and lastly flee into the dark, dragging his sister by the hand, with the mad hunter on his trail.

There is a happy ending—mixed up with a great gush of sentiment that nearly spoils the book. Till then it has been lush but haunting.

"Lord Vanity," by Samuel Shellabarger (Collins; 15s.), is an opulent and cheerful panorama of the eighteenth century. The main idea seems to derive from the story of Lord Chesterfield and his natural son; but it is all transfigured to romance. Richard Morandi and the poor, blockish Philip Stanhope are a world apart. For one thing, Richard grew up on his own—in Venice, where his stepfather directs a theatre. That is the scene of the first act: a scene of gallantry and love, private theatricals in a great house, the triumphs of a charlatan-adventurer, and a patrician feud which sends young Richard to the galleys. He is condemned for life—but then Lord Marny turns up by a miracle. As his new-found, acknowledged son, Richard is "Mr. Hammond" to the world of Bath; and then Lieutenant Hammond, at the taking of Quebec; and finally the Chevalier d'Amont, a secret envoy to Versailles. It is all thoroughly well based, immensely readable, full of variety and spirit.

"The One That Got Away," by Helen McCloy (Gollancz; 9s. 6d.), has a Highland setting, with a New York psychiatrist as the narrator. On his way to Ardrigh, in Glen Tor, he meets Lord Ness and first hears about Johnny Stockton. Why should a normal boy abscond persistently from a good home? That is what Johnny does—and soon Dunbar catches him at it. The boy is obviously scared, seems to recoil from his adoring mother, and has the gift of vanishing in daylight on an open moor. This hopeful start leads on to deeper mystery and murder, backed by the Highland scene, an ancient castle and a repertoire of ghosts. It keeps one thrilled up to a point; but the solution is improbable, and disguised unfairly by the use of words. Added to which, the atmosphere is more pretentious than exact.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## OXFORD; AND FAR EASTERN ART.

IT is, I hope, not merely the proper pietas of a former alumnus which causes me to choose as the first book to be reviewed in this column this week a tiny volume, and to work up to one several times its size. There is no doubt, however, that of this week's selection it is "Ackermann's Oxford; With Notes by H. M. Colvin" (Penguin; 5s.), which has given me the greatest pleasure. The venture is at first sight unambitious, consisting merely of some sixteen reproductions of plates from Rudolph Ackermann's "A History of the University of Oxford, Colleges, Halls and Public Buildings" (1814), and eight from James Ingram's "Memorials of Oxford" (1837), with prefatory and explanatory notes by a don—the whole being easily slipped into a coat-pocket without noticeable bulging. The choice of the plates, their reproduction and their explanation is all so well done, however, that the resulting book is to my mind worth a great deal more than the few shillings demanded for it. Oxford has been fortunate in its illustrators—and they have been many—from the sixteenth century to our own times. "Ackermann's History," originally consisting of sixty-four aquatints after drawings by Augustus Pugin and others, was issued by subscription at a time when Oxford must surely have been at its most beautiful. The great period of Georgian building was just over, the Gothic revival had not begun. The horrors of modern industrialism were happily veiled from the eyes of Rudolph Ackermann's painters and engravers. As Mr. Colvin says, Ackermann's plates "show its streets before they had been invaded by the horse trams whose clatter made the principal thoroughfares of Victorian Oxford almost as noisy as they are to-day; and they show them peopled not only with members of the University, but with country people driving flocks of sheep across an unwidened Magdalen Bridge to the cattle market on Gloucester Green. For the Oxford which they record was a rural as well as an academic centre, innocent as yet of industry, gasworks, and by-passes." It had its disadvantages, being "insanitary and unlighted, periodically subject to serious flooding, and ruled by a corrupt and antiquated corporation." But as (Mr. Colvin says) "as a spectacle for the visitor it had probably never been surpassed, when in 1814 Ackermann's artists set down its external appearance for the benefit of posterity." Of course, Oxford has changed. But I wonder if it has changed as much as all that. Take the Ackermann coloured print of my own college hall, for instance. The concealed lighting is not there; in 150 years the portraits of past Rectors on the walls have multiplied exceedingly, but surely that is old George from the Butterly, explaining the legends of the college to the little group of visitors, even if their accents are scarcely likely to have been trans-Atlantic? A charming little book which has fired me with a desire to get hold of some of the originals.

I have before in this column deplored the fact that my ignorance of ancient ceramic art is so great. It was with proper humility, therefore, that I approached "Ming Pottery and Porcelain," by Soame Jenyns (Faber; 42s.). Mr. Jenyns is, I am told, rightly regarded as one of the great authorities on his period and his subject. The Ming Dynasty—its founder was roughly a contemporary of our Edward III.—continued until the last Ming Emperor, Ch'ung Cheng, deliberately breached the banks of the Yellow River to impede the rebel armies—drowning some million of his subjects—in the year our own Civil War broke out. It was a confused and turbulent period, but, as so often happens, it was a period of great artistic florescence. Mr. Soame Jenyns writes (and the fine illustrations confirm him) "that the shapes of the Ming pottery and porcelain, if we exclude the imperial wares, are full of power. Massive and simple, they may be also clumsy and crude, but they are always strong." So little was known at first in the west about Ming wares that it became a convenient word which covered old Chinese porcelain in general. More recently its study has fallen into the hands of the experts. Jenyns is a scholar with a wide knowledge of literary and classical Chinese. The result of his researches and the width of his scholarship are to be found in this interesting and distinguished book.

A less scholarly but none the less interesting book is "A Short Introduction to Japanese Art," by Romy Fink (Seeley Service; 12s. 6d.). The words "Japanese art" at first blush mean to this barbarian a picture of gentlemen in contorted attitudes and palpably in the worst of tempers. After reading Mr. Fink's pleasant little book I shall know better. For the uninitiated he gives us a disquisition on the history of Buddhism, a religion which suffuses and informs Japanese art. It is not easy. The painters "sought to do something more, to give visual form to the teachings of the Zen Buddhism. And in doing so they have produced the world's finest masterpieces of pictorial art. What is Zen Buddhism? How shall we begin to explain, when the teachers of Zen, themselves, have said that it cannot be transmitted by language? Their own method of exposition consists in propounding riddles giving strange answers and, sometimes, no answers in words, but instead, an unprovoked slap on the face." The

charm, the vigour, and on occasions the wit, of Japanese art as described by Mr. Fink and as illustrated in this book should do something to dispel the unpleasing memories of the last war—though many former P.O.W.s will recognise in the powerful portrait of Daruma by Soami a close relationship with their late captors.

Now for the giant opposite number to our little book on Oxford. This is the "Britannica Book of the Year, 1954," published by the Encyclopædia Britannica at 3 gns. This valuable book is surely an annual "must" for libraries and for those who must keep their works of reference up to date. As can be imagined in a volume which covers 1953, there is much about the Coronation, and admirably done it is. Nothing, however, is too small to escape the vigilant eye of the editor. Thus we learn—side by side with world-shaking events—that a national bee-keeping museum was formed and temporarily housed in Alton, Hants, while archaeological finds from the City of London included a Roman ladder and a pair of dancer's tights. Yes; as I say, a "must."

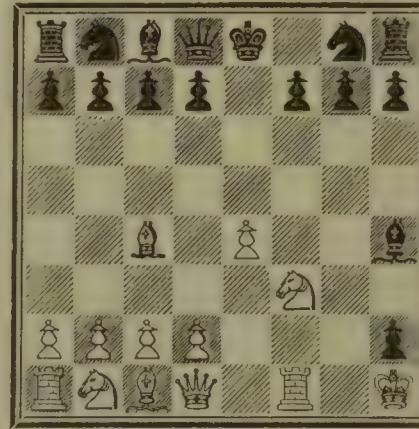
E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

EASY but intriguing will, I hope, be your verdict on this week's two little problems; and, as usual, I strongly recommend that you conceal the text under the diagrams with a sheet of paper, as it contains the solutions, which you really must try to find for yourself.

Each of the positions diagrammed has arisen from a well-known opening, the first after six moves by Black and seven by White, the second after seven moves each. The task is to find the moves which produce these positions. Such puzzles are fairly well known in catchy, synthesised situations; when based on a stock opening they have a milder flavour.



White.



White.

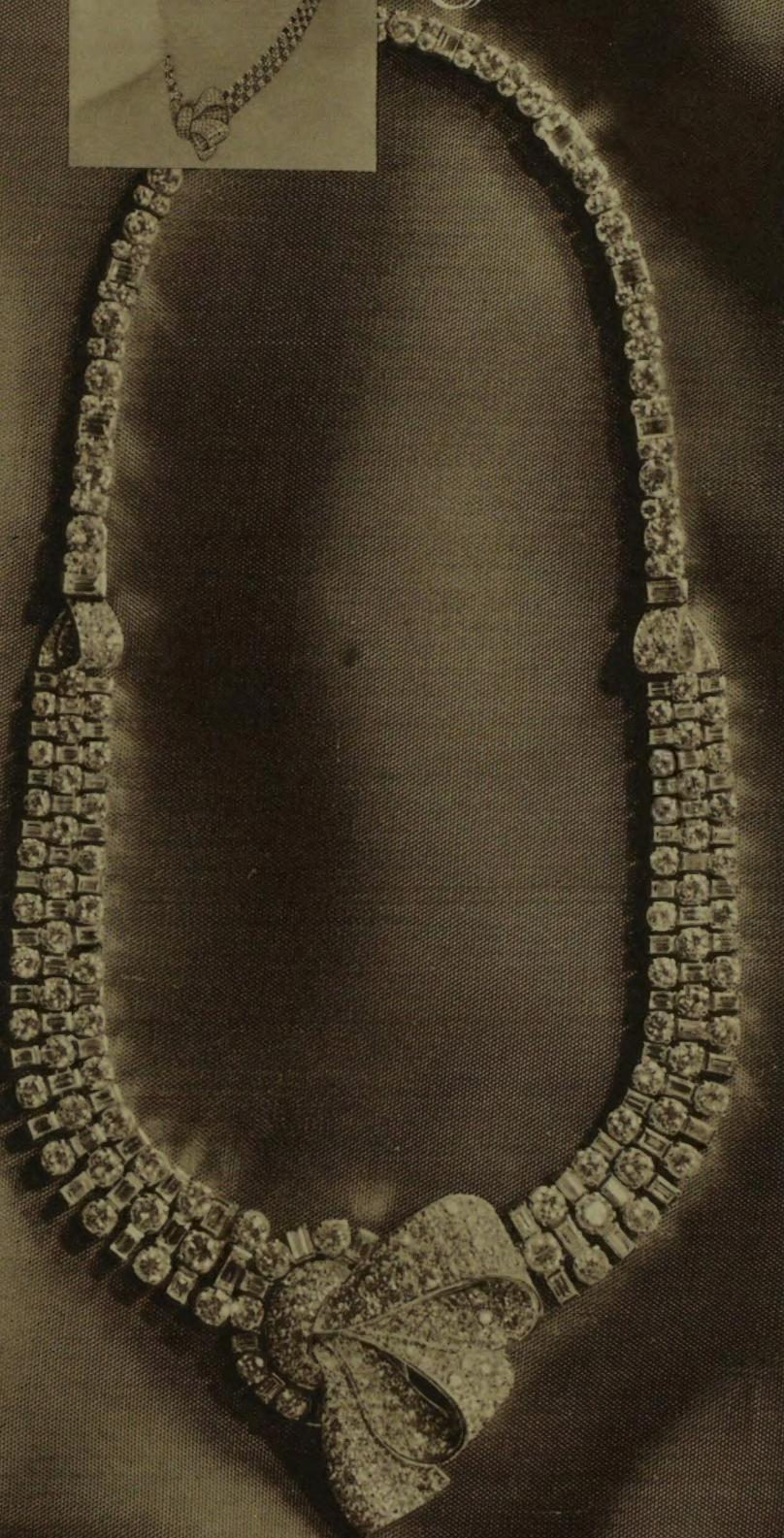
The first diagram arises from a version of the King's gambit ascribed to Cunningham, via 1. P-K4, P-K4; 2. P-KB4, P×P; 3. Kt-KB3, B-K2; 4. B-B4, B-R5ch; 5. P-KKt3, P×P; 6. Castles, P×Pch; 7. K-R1. Really very easy, for Black's six moves could not conceivably have been anything else, and White's must be made to fit them. The final position, incidentally, demonstrates the importance of development; by common consent among the cognoscenti, White's good piece placings more than compensate for the sacrificed three pawns. The use of a black pawn to screen the white king is peculiar to the "Cunningham."

The second diagram arises from the English opening 1. P-QB4 via 1. . . Kt-KB3; 2. Kt-QB3, P-K3; 3. P-K4, P-Q4; 4. P-K5, P-Q5; 5. P×Kt, P×Kt; 6. P×P, P×Pch; 7. B×P, B×P. Various transpositions of the first four moves on each side are possible, which I should be prepared to allow—if they make sense, and don't, for instance, leave a knight *en prise* for a couple of moves.

If you found all this nauseatingly simple, bear it for the sake of those who found it delightfully so!



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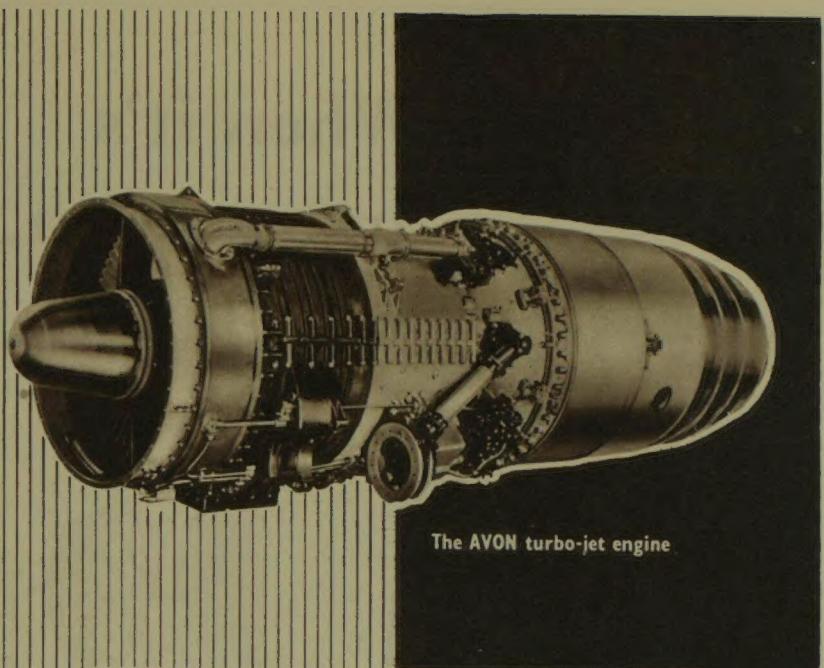
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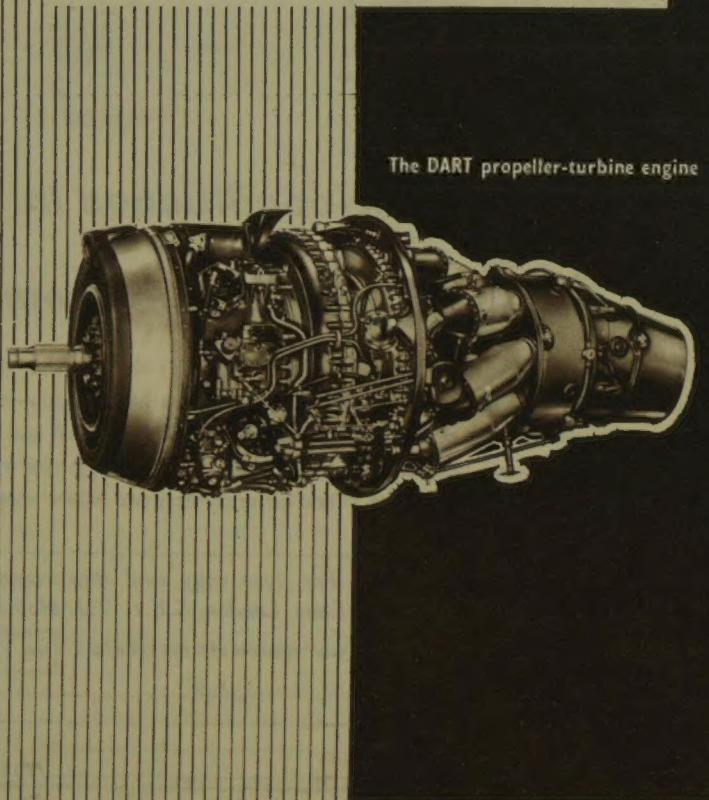
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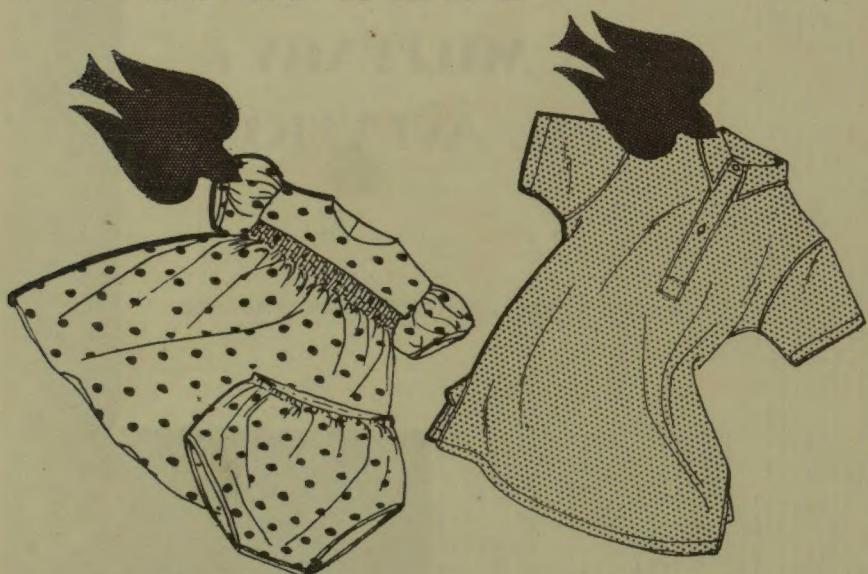
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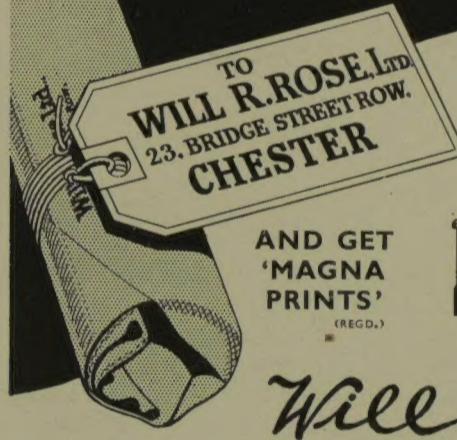
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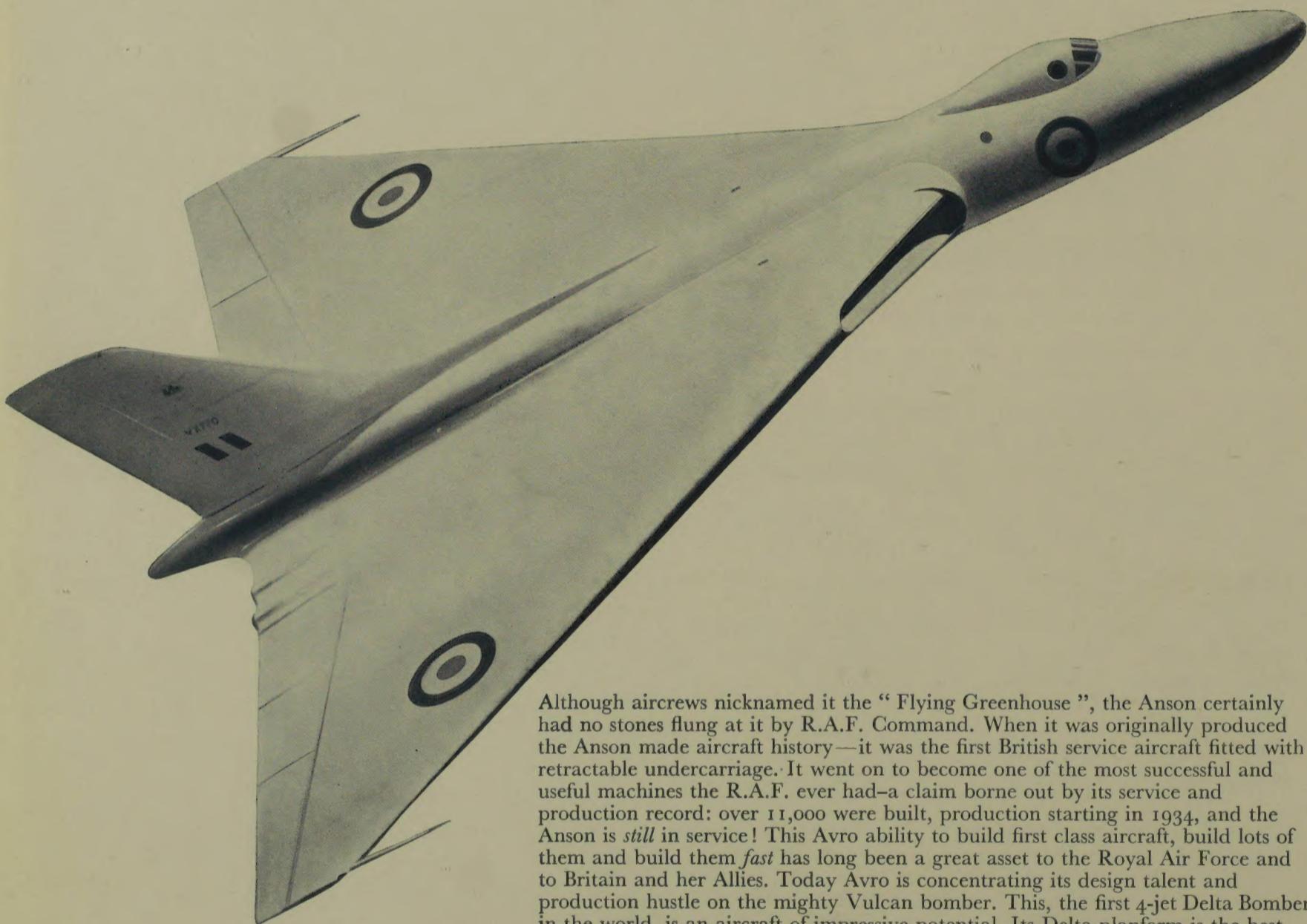
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